

HOT ROD CARTOONS

MAY 1967 35c
UK 3/-



LEMMONS

HOT ROD CARTOONS



MAY 1967 Number Sixteen



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LATER YET

HOO-BOY! THEM CUTE LIL' OL' GALS WILL REALLY FLIP WHEN THEY FIND THIS PILE PARKED RIGHT NEXT TO 'EM.



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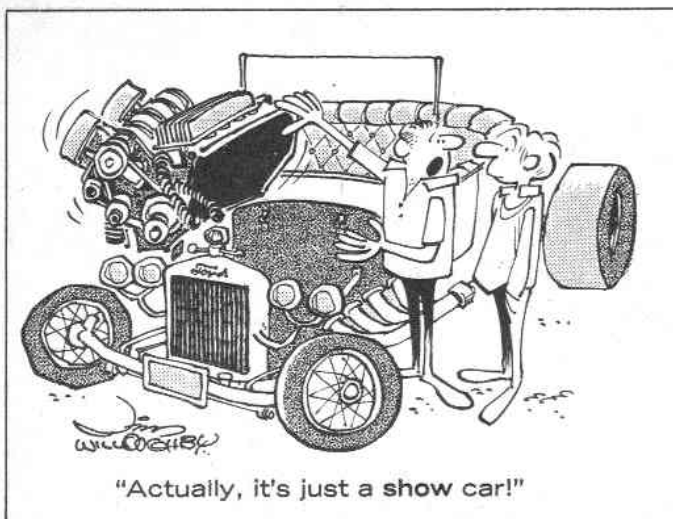
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"Guys who do wheelies on the line are nothin' but
Stand Up Comics at heart!"

— **RENFREW KLANG**
The Shot Rod Story

PEST ENTRY



"Actually, it's just a show car!"

All right, Pests & Pestettes — this is the place and here's the plan. You sit yourselves down and scribble (we prefer typed notes) up a storm like as follows: **HOT CARS ARE MY HANG-UP BECAUSE...** and then you proceed to try and psych us out on the whole subject in 50-words or less. You can be truthful, dishonest, realistic, fantastic or just about any-way you like — so long as your miserable letter is wild enough to be considered worth reading and, maybe, worth publishing. There'll be three cash prizes for the three letters selected as the winning entries. 1st-prize, \$15.00. 2nd-prize, \$10.00. 3rd-prize, \$5.00. Because I'm keener than most, there'll be a Loser Prize of a year's free subscription to HRC for anyone who manages to miss the coins but whose letter is still gassy enough to stand out in the crowd of mail jamming this stretch of printed asphalt. So get into gear and like Go! The subject will change from issue to issue and you may be just wordy enough to make Topic Eliminator if you try often and hard. Winners' names will begin appearing here in the July '67 issue of HRC. You're on the line, you've got the green-light — it's time to smoke-off with that letter! Last one to the old shut-off area is a dirty Essex-lover! Meanwhile, here are some unreal thingies to wipe your eyes on...

What do you mean by telling Mike Calame (March HRC) that slots are for wimps? I'm probably the best Thumb in my neighborhood and I'm 37-years old, see? Now what do you say about slots?

RICHARD MOORE
Evanston, Illinois

Okay, so slots are for 37-year old wimps, too.

Hey, you dumb guy! What's wrong with Pest Entry being a pen pals thingie as well as being a

place where guys can talk about the kind of cars they like best, anyway? What are you — some sorta grouch or something? You better print my name & address if you know what's good for you! All girls write *immediately* and ignore this stupid new editor who ain't as cool as Pappy was.

NAME & ADDRESS WITHHELD BY SOME SORTA GROUCH

Eat your heart out, baby.

I read your mag every chance I get, and want to tell you how *much* I dig it. Then, I want to thank all the guys who stick up for us girls when it comes to girls' hot rod clubs. There's nothing wrong with it. I think you guys are just afraid that if you drag a girl — and she wins — that all the other guys might put you down! Some of the guys that write-in are just trying to get girls for pen pals and to defend their rights are out of it as far as I'm concerned. I agree with that guy who wrote in the January HRC: "This is a car mag, not a *lovelorn* column." Just because we girls talk about our guys' cars doesn't mean we have to know how to tear the dragging engine apart and rebuild it, or dyno tune it and get all the available h.p. out of it.

SUE DRAKE & CAROL WETTERMAN
13003 Osage Road
Apple Valley, California

Very cool, sweets. All Nurds kindly note this note.

Man, your March HRC was real *nothin'* compared to the wildy books Pappy Lemmons useta put out for us fans. Why don'tcha get Pappy back and you go play on the turnpike? How about that?

JOHN CONDON
Parma, Ohio

Listen, I can hardly get Pappy to leave his cozy pad long enough to bring-in those choice cartoon stories, he's so wailin' happy with freelancing.

I'm a Chevy-lover and I can't stands Fords; although I do sort of like (not love) Mustangs. Any other Fords ROT!

CHRIS PORCARI
46 Haigh Avenue
Schenectady, N.Y. 12304

Well, that's YOUR problem.

You Ford cats must think you and your company are the best. Well, I don't, and that term — "Ford has a better idea" — really gets me. (I'm a Chevy man, see?) Where do you think Ford got the "better idea" of hidden headlights on the new T-Bird? From the good old CORVETTE, that's where! And they're so dumb they couldn't even make the whole unit move! Just the grille cover!

BOB PRESTON
847 Livingston Avenue
Albany, N.Y. 12206

Okay, chalk up a point for the Chevy-lovers.

I agree, like give Nelson Dewey 10-points for THE GREAT MATCH RACE. But make this D.B. Gremrot nurd read Brand-X if he doesn't like your mag. That kid has flipped his cod if he wants to leave out

girls. People like Gremrot is what this country *doesn't* need. I have girls and my supercharged 312-hauler will eat anything *he's* got for lunch! Tell Steffenhagen his cover is the Most!

MIKE PATTON
Box 247
Wooster, Arkansas 72181

You trying to give Steffenhagen a fat-head, kid?

Mr. Kohler, I can't keep up with you. First (a couple of years ago), you were UNK Kohler with Them Varmints. Then, you vanished and were like gone for awhile. Then, Pappy splits and you show up again — editing HOT ROD CARTOONS, SURF-toons and SKIttoons yet! What's going on, anyway? Who are you, *really*?

SHIRLEY FERRELL
San Diego, Calif.

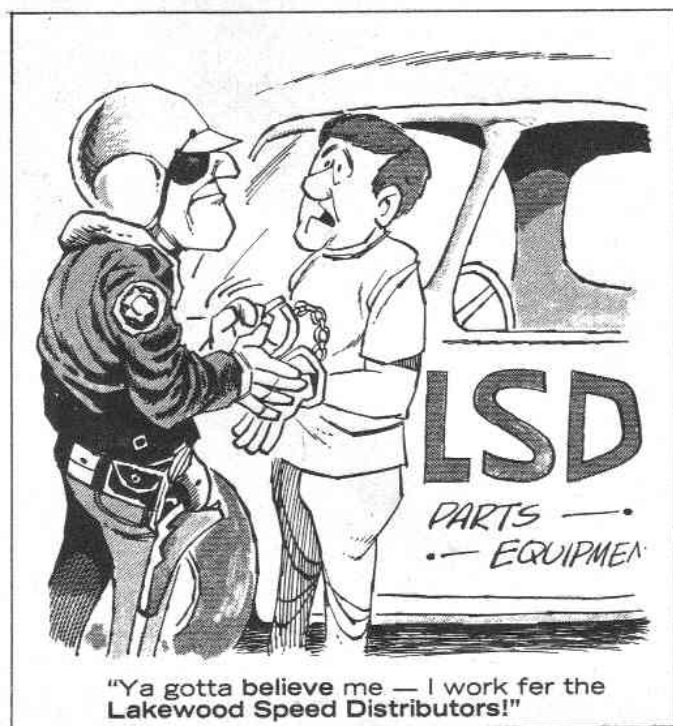
I dunno... but I'm like all over the place, ain't I!

Man, like I got the November issue of your rag and I think that kid, David Roberts, is what I call in his right-mind. In fact, I think those men in the white asbestos suits are going to catch-up with him sooner or later. I say... *thumbs down* to any Ford-lover. Anyway, I'm hunting for any well-arranged girl types between 12 and 13 to write-to because, like I said in my other letter, I'm all for you girl types!

JIM GROSS
Albany, N.Y.

Oh, what a SHAME! He FORGOT to include his street address and now all those girl types won't know WHERE to reach him. Tsk, tsk, tsk.

Your magazine is more than great. Me and my friends are reading it since last year. I also read CARtoons which is bigger, too. I like very much Nelson Dewey's art, and also Boatman's, Barnett's, Lemmons' and Hinton's are very good, too. We have not here a real Hot Rod, but we run with Porsches



and others foreign cars (Alpines, Abarths, Ferraris, etc.). I, myself, have a VW with a hot 1500-Porsche engine, with an Isky cam, magneto and supercharger. The girls *here* driven very bad because this, I think, is better for her to play with dolls. I am twenty and will answer any letter send to me.

GODOFREDO de CERQUEIRA LEITE
Rua Canning No. 26,
Apt. 502
Ipanema, Estado da Guanabara, Brazil

Before any of you nurds start hooting at his English, ask yourselves how GOOD your letter would be if you wrote it in HIS language. Godofredo-baby, the dolls here drive like demons and the BOYS play with dolls.

It's real bichen to have you back running the funnybooks, Kohler. Missed you like everything and all my girlfriends agree that you really come on the coolest! Here's a big kiss for you, man! Tell old Pappy we still love him, too, and will be looking forward to reading his wild stories!

MARTHA WELLS
SHERRY OLSON
JANE SIMMONS
LONI MAE INGERSOLL
Hollywood, Calif.

If I tell Pappy a thing like that, he'll be back pound-ing on the office door and trying to have ME sent into the weeds, sweets. Thanks for your nice words and good reading.

I wish to thank Mr. Nelson Dewey for THE GREAT MATCH RACE story. It was the most. I'm 18 and like all kinds of sportscars. I just sold my MG-TD which I raced. Am now on an Austin-sedan race setup. Anyone who likes sportscars and English motorcycles please write to me.

CHRIS PAGE
7435 Eads
La Jolla, Calif.

You don't DIG street-rods, man?

All intelligent, beautiful and hip girl types who want to correspond with four really cool guy types (who recently started organizing *The Psychotic Salamanders* — a music group), please send your notes to the address below. Don't let the fact that one of our group is closely related to the editor of this wheeling rag keep you from having us for your admirers. Okay? We think girls should be allowed to race their engines!

CHRIS KOHLER
GARY STOCKDALE
JOHN BRECKOW
TIM DONELON
Box 4325
Glendale, Calif. 91202

Hey, WATCH it, you musical nurds! No freaking-out HERE!

You really have a great mag! I always read it and I think it's just a blast! I'm a Brazilian girl. I like cars, Hondas, surfing, wild music, boys and many other things. I'm 14-years old and I'd like to correspond with guys & girls. I have brown eyes and brown hair. I'll answer *all* the letters so *who* wants to corre-

continued on next page

spond? *Here I am!* Man, I have only to say that your mag is BOSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

MARIA LUCIA CARVALHO
Fonte da Saudade, 197
Lagoa - Rio De Janeiro, Brazil

Well, what are you guys WAITING for?

What's the matter with you guys that you don't like Pontiacs? If you ask me, I think they're just stupendous! I never see any letters from Pontiac-lovers so I thought I'd start something. Chevys are okay but I hate Fords. I think we all agree on VWs. I consider VW varmintmobiles. Anyway, I think your rag is tough (a little rare, too).

MARK SOSENHEIMER
127 West Fleming
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Oh, yeah? Well, I LOVE Volkswagens, see?

Man, your HOT ROD CARTOONS is a sad rag compared to Unk Bonestell's really cool CARTOONS. Even the SURFtoons rag don't begin to *touch* CARTOONS and that's a fact! Why don't you quit and stop trying to beat the *best* there ever was and still is - CARTOONS! You don't have anything to match them rowdy lil' old Varmints. And who *cares* what Chevy-lovers think about Ford-lovers, anyway?

LELA HOWLUND
Reno, Nevada

Well... I care, doll.

I like *all* cars. Fords, Plymouths, Buicks, Hudsons, even Volkswagens - they're all great. Take my car, for instance: it's a 1956 Plymouth with a Dodge mill, a Chevy radio, a Ford antenna, Chrysler paint and Studebaker wheels! That's how unbiased I am! (It's for sale, incidentally). Along with cars I also like *all* girls - they're all great. Blondes, Brunettes and Red-heads. If they happen to own a car, they're the *greatest!* I even like your magazine... well, at least it's better than calculus or chemistry. And don't forget surfing: it's great, too. Now, if you'd like to write to a very agreeable guy, why not write to *me?*

ART MEIERDIRK
838 B Grant Towers S.
Northern Illinois University
Dekalb, Illinois

This guy has GOTTA end up President and all with a political touch like THAT!

Thought I'd write a little note to tell you that I think HRC is the neatest mag around. I like Fords and girls, provided they know something about what they're doing.

BILL HANKINS
821 St. Louis Avenue
Excelsior Springs, Missouri

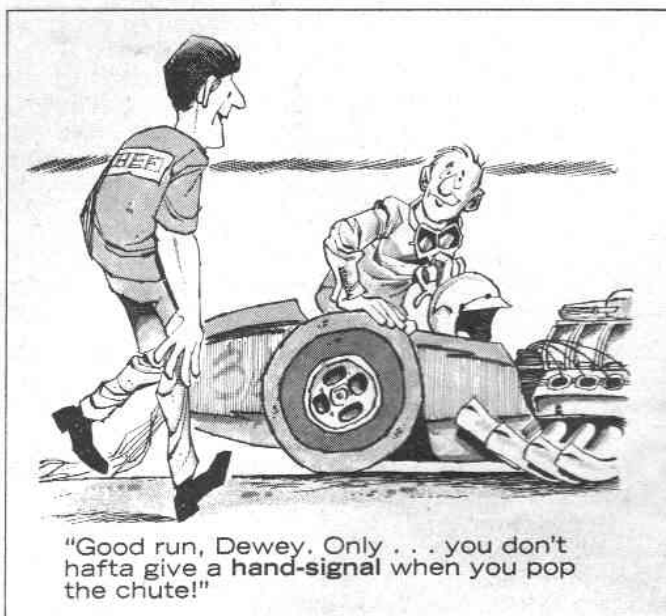
Never saw a Ford yet that didn't know what it was doing but I've spotted an occasional Cadillac that LOOKED confused, man.

I happen to become the owner of your November trashcan liner. (It was given to me by an enemy. You don't think I'd spend my own coins on it, do you?) I got sort of torqued-off by Paul Whatzizname.

If I wrote stuff like that about GM cars, I wouldn't include a return-address either. What's this long-stroke valve bit? I should hope his phoney 426 Hemi could shut-down a little 283. I wonder how he would do against a 1000-hp rail-job? Okay, now that I've cut down your readers, I guess I'll start on you. Thought the DRAFT-DODGERS was in the tight groove. Too bad they didn't have a Dodge Rebellion a few years ago. Tell GRANNY McGO that she should try *Dramamine*. It's the greatest! I'm open to criticism but don't get nasty: I'm only 20. Keep up the good garbage. By the way, how do I get a subscription to your creepy mag?

JOHN SCHROEER
J.D. SHROEER, AT3 7942751 USN
VF-213 USS Kitty Hawk (CVA-63)
c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96601

Say, you're REAL officer material. Surely there must be a special school to orient you to the fine old science of buying a subscription. Check with the Chaplain and see if I'm not right.



Girls are *swingers* - whether racing, watching cars or anywhere! And I think any boy who says girl types shouldn't race is either a coward or just plain blinky. Me and my friends like girls - no matter *where* they are or *what* they're doing!

FRANK HOSNER
Route-1, Box #76
Sublimity, Oregon

Even when the little darlings are sitting in YOUR iron but winking at the guy in the OTHER car?

Okay, you guys out there in pencil-scratching land. Me has wrote ya four times! Still no dice getting into your rag. In other words, ya rats, you think Florida ain't no good! You're all crooked up. I dig your Nelson Dewey. He swings the pen something fierce. Well, I'll buy your rag every month even if ya don't put my letter in your trash section! How's *that* for loyalty?

FRED ROOT
335 7th Street, S.W.
Winter Haven, Florida

You got us all wrong, man. We think Florida is ALMOST as good as California.

Like man I dig your HRC (*Oh, brother — another hippy!*) They're like outa this world! (*Yeah, a REAL hippiroony.*) I just finished reading your November copy. (*You read SLOW, huh?*) It was a gas! (*Now THAT'S original!*) I'm all for Fords. (*Okay.*) Man, they're the greatest! (*Somehow, I KNEW you'd say that, sweets.*) For all you old Chevy-lovers — you're outa your tree! (*Be nice now.*) Hey, all you boys who are 12 to 14 — write to me! I have blonde hair, blue eyes and I'm five-feet/four-inches. Okay? Like I hope so! (*Sure you do.*)

LINDA BOWSER
Estell Manor, N.J.

Big joke. No full address. Lordy, there must be a MILLION just like her, sitting around thinking up letters like that — and poor old HRC will probably get them all.

Kohler, I PROTEST!

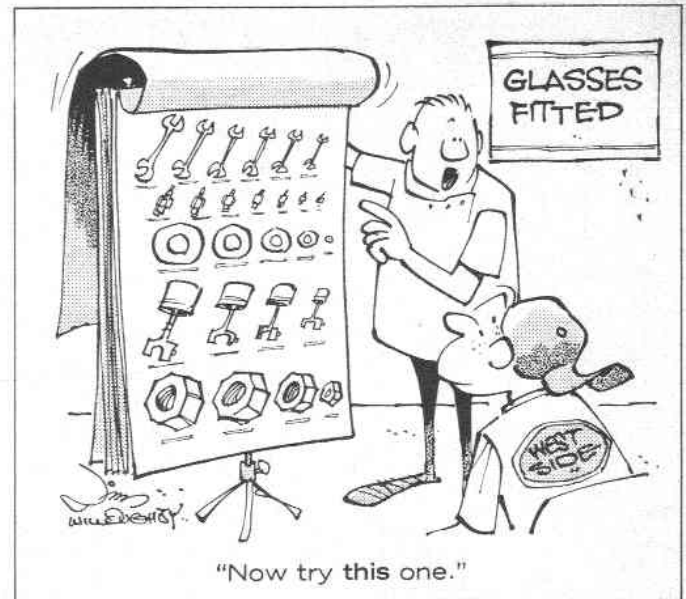
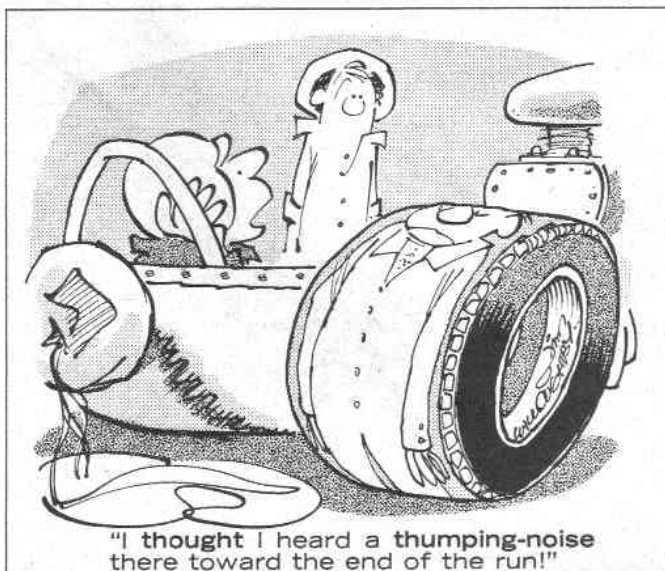
LAWRENCE PERTRELLE
San Francisco, Calif.

Well, that's KEEN, Larry. Next time, force yourself to give us the whole story, huh?

Luv your mag, dad. It's so far out I gotta take somemore of those little yellow pills to come back down again. Pussycat (Brando) Hinton sure knows his bananas about *sheens*. Us rebels who really dig bikes, dig Hero Hinton. We know a rebel with a Cause. Tell all them girl-haters that I think they should see a head-shrinker because everybody (men, anyway) need the dolls and they should be included in the rodding and riding and stuff. They're great types. Whip it on them, man. I love Chevies, I love 327s, I love my fuely old 'Vette. *Triumph TT* also are very in. Anybody want a challenge? Thanks for a trip that was out of sight. I mean, for 35-coppers you can't go wrong — not even if you had a 3-page foldout of a Ford-lover every month!

ROBERT W. BUTT
RA 11 465 318
HHB 19th Arty Gp (AD)
Highlands Army Air Defense
Highlands, N.J. 07732

The terrible truth is, man, nobody could get Hinton aboard a chopper even if you promised to let Sophia Loren sit behind him all the way.



You probably won't print this but I happen to think that any girl who puts her name and address in your corny Pest Entry section is nothing but a very cheap person who has absolutely no respect for herself — and most of my friends happen to agree with me about this. It's a well known fact that all kinds of creeps and weirdos like to get girls' addresses so they can write dirty things to them — and you're just helping these criminals have a lot of fun with stupid girls who let their addresses be printed. Have you ever thought about that? I'll bet you haven't. Anybody so dumb they have to edit a funny-book for a living probably hasn't got enough brains, anyway. You ought to be very ashamed of yourself. If you print my address, my father will fix you. He's a lawyer, too.

REGINA SMITH
Eugene, Oregon

Will you creeps and weirdos and criminals please stop writing those TERRIBLE notes: you guys are gonna get me sued yet.

Like I have purchased a couple of ishes of this great mag and I dug all the letters, and it's time I mouthed a few vibrations. I am not a VW-lover. I'm just saying they'd be all right if the mill was up front. And them nurdz who think broads shouldn't drag have flipped their blowers. To you Chevy-haters, I say dig the *Chapparral*: I'll bet it can whop the Ford-GT any day. Up with Arfons!

B. B. SHORT
203 Hawthorne Avenue
Larkspur, Calif. 94939

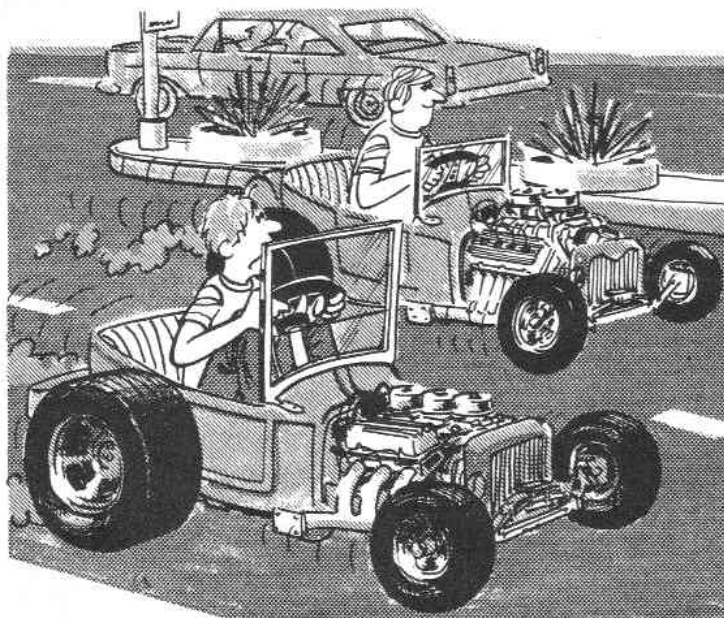
Breedlove ain't gonna like THAT, man.

... and that's the end of the race for this time, you pesty entries. Don't forget to give our HOT CARS ARE MY HANG-UP BECAUSE gig a whirl. Might win yourself some coins. Remember, just make with 50-words or less (the fewer the better, if you want an inside tip) and mail the thingie right away so it'll qualify for judging in time for the next issue. Any other letters will be welcome, too. Be looking for you to come stormin' through the mails!

CARL KOHLER
Editor, HOT ROD CARTOONS
5959 Hollywood Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90028

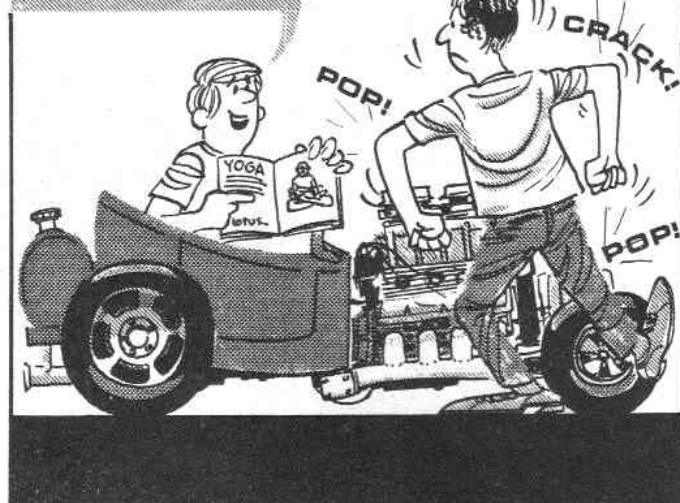
RIDER'S CRAMP

By
DEWEY

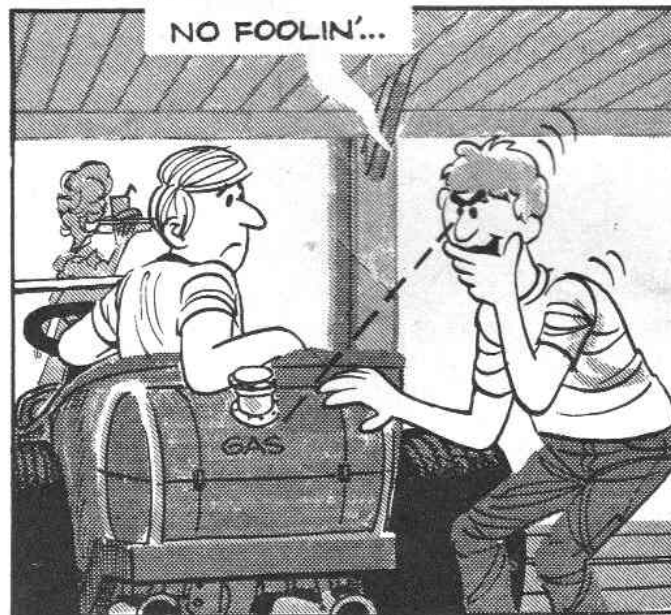


WOT GIVES, LEON? THERE'S NO
LEGROOM IN THESE BEASTS!
HOW COME YOU LOOK SO COMFY?

WELL 'EH!... I BEEN STUDYIN' UH.. YOGA!
YOU KNOW— WHERE YA FOLD YER
LEGS ALL UP..



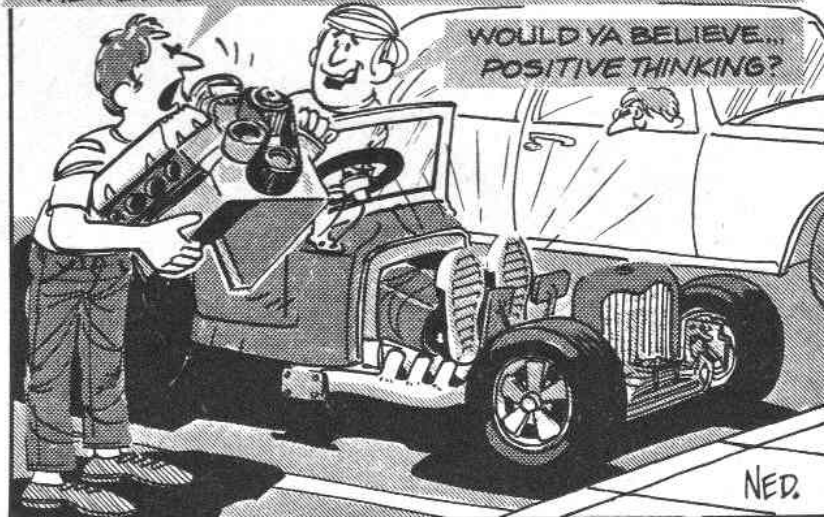
NO FOOLIN'...



I THOUGHT SO!
A PUSSYCAT IN
YER TANK!



TELL ME! HOW WERE YA S'POSED TO BE WORKIN'
THE PEDALS WITH YER LEGS ALL FOLDED UP?



WOULD YA BELIEVE...
POSITIVE THINKING?

NED.

SHOW 'N SNOW

HMM, I WONDER WOT OL' HAM 'N BONES
ARE UP TO THESE DAYS?



HOWDY, YOU CLOWNS!

JUST THE GUY
WE WANNA' SEE!

HI PAPPY.



STEP IN MAN!

YEH..DON'T STAND OUT
THERE GETTIN' SUNBURNED!

WHOA NOW!
HOLD ON THAR
YA CLODS!



AWRIGHT AWREADY! WOTS THIS DUMB
GIG ALL ABOUT?

WE NEED YOUR
EXPERT TYPE HELP
PAPPY BABY!



YOU TWO NURDS CAN JUST FORGET IT!
I'M TAKIN' A COUPLE OF DAYS OFF FER REST
AN' RE-E-E-LAXIN' AN' GURL WATCHIN' AN' ALL!

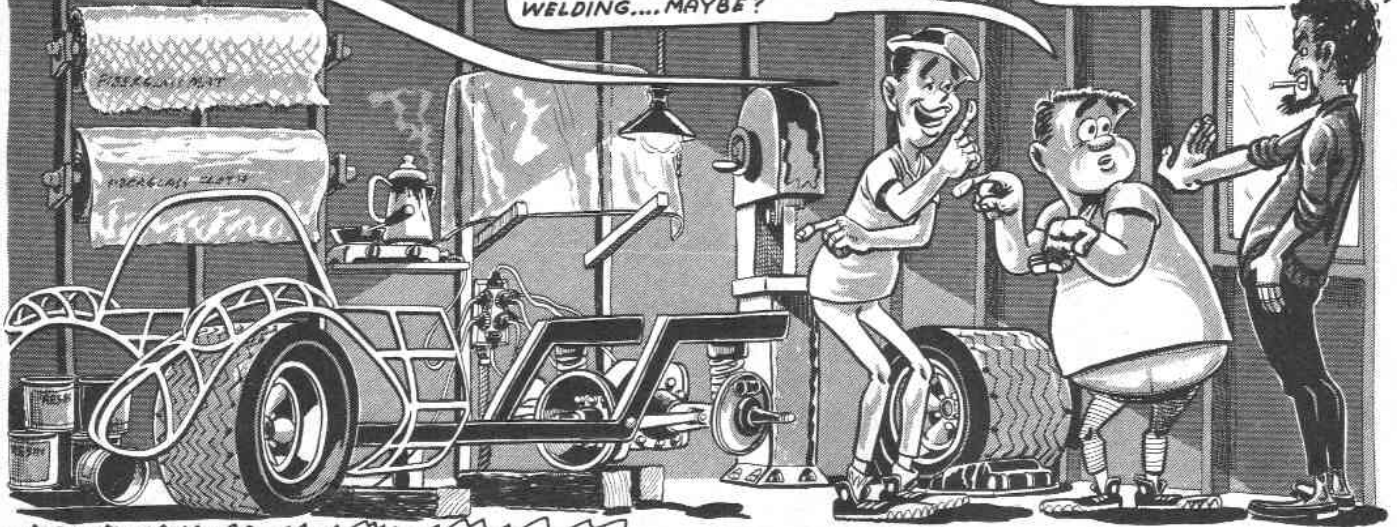
IS THAT A FACT?
WELL, WE JUST KINDA...



.... HOPED YOU'D HELP US WITH
OUR ENTRY FOR THE BIG
CUSTOM CAR SHOW!

YEAH, WE COULD USE
YER DESIGN SENSE,
PAPPY, ALSO A LIL'
WELDING.... MAYBE?

NO DICE! I JES' STOPPED
BY TO BE NEIGHBORLY, AN' I
AIN'T ABOUT TO GET ALL GREASY,
YA' READ ME?



YER OUTA YER PISTON POPPIN'
GOURDS! THERE AINT NOBODY GONNA
CON THIS KAT INTO SLAVIN' OVER A.....

.... YOU'D WANNA HELP US GET THE CHURN
READY, SINCE ALL THEM CUTE LIL' DOLL TYPES
ARE GONNA EXHIBIT THEIR CAR IN THE NEXT
DOOR AREA AT THE SHOW!

GEE, THAT'S TOO BAD.
WE FIGURED....



HOT WELDIN' TORCH..
??



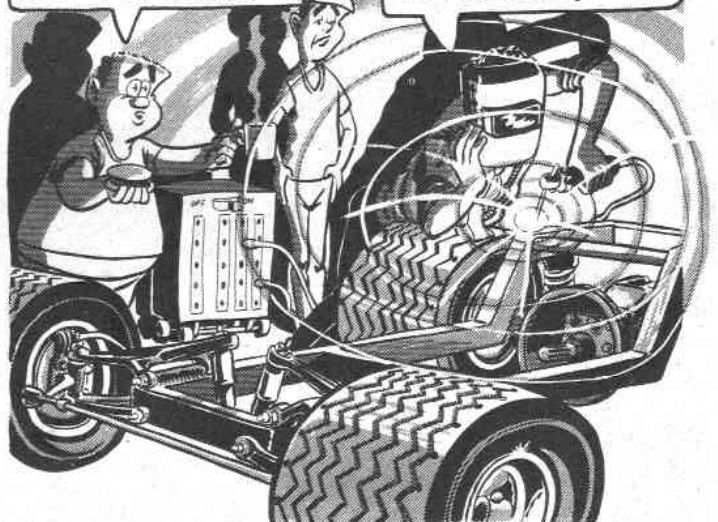
CMON. LET'S GET STARTED
ON THAT TURKEY!



LIKE... LATER

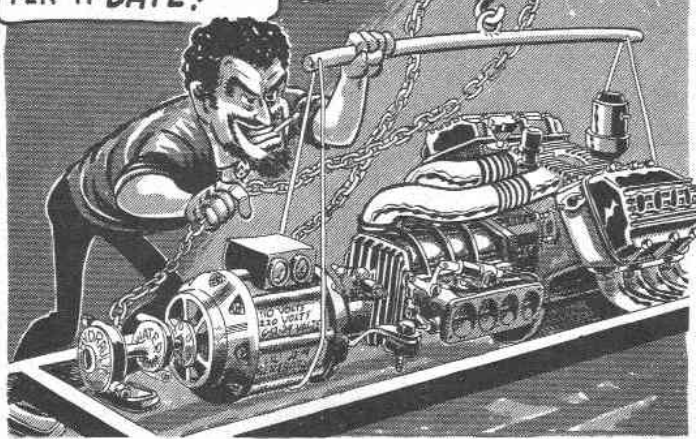
AIN'T YA' EVEN GONNA
STOP FER EATS?

PUNCH OFF SWEETS!
I GOTTA HAVE THIS
THINGIE READY FER
THE SHOW!



LATER YET

HOO-BOY! THEM CUTE LIL' OL' GALS WILL REALLY **FLIP** WHEN THEY FIND THIS PILE PARKED RIGHT NEXT TO 'EM. MIGHT EVEN ASK ME FER A DATE!



WHOLE LOT LATER

YOU'VE BEEN GOING LIKE THIS FER MORE THAN **TWO DAYS!** AIN'TCHA GONNA' CATCH A CATNAP, AT LEAST?

NOPE! I SURE AIN'T!



Y'KNOW, I THINK WE GOOFED! LOOKIT OL' PAPPY GLOP THAT 'GLASS TOGETHER!

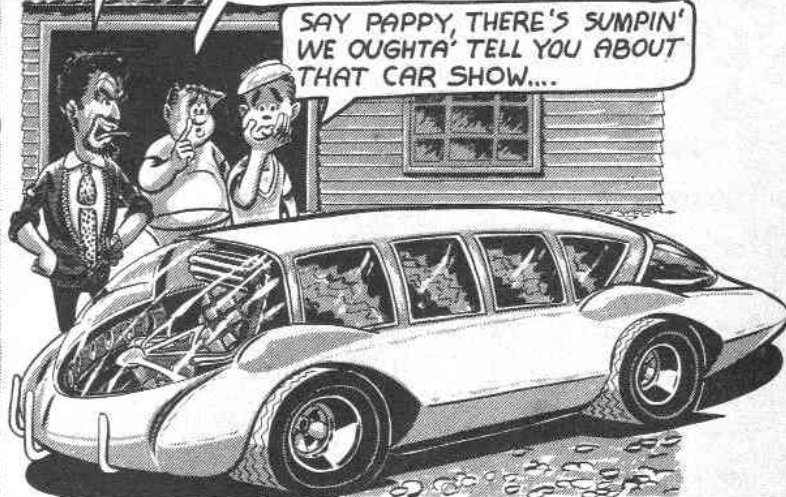
YEH, I'M POOPED, AN' I AIN'T LIFTED A FINGER FER **TWO DAYS!**



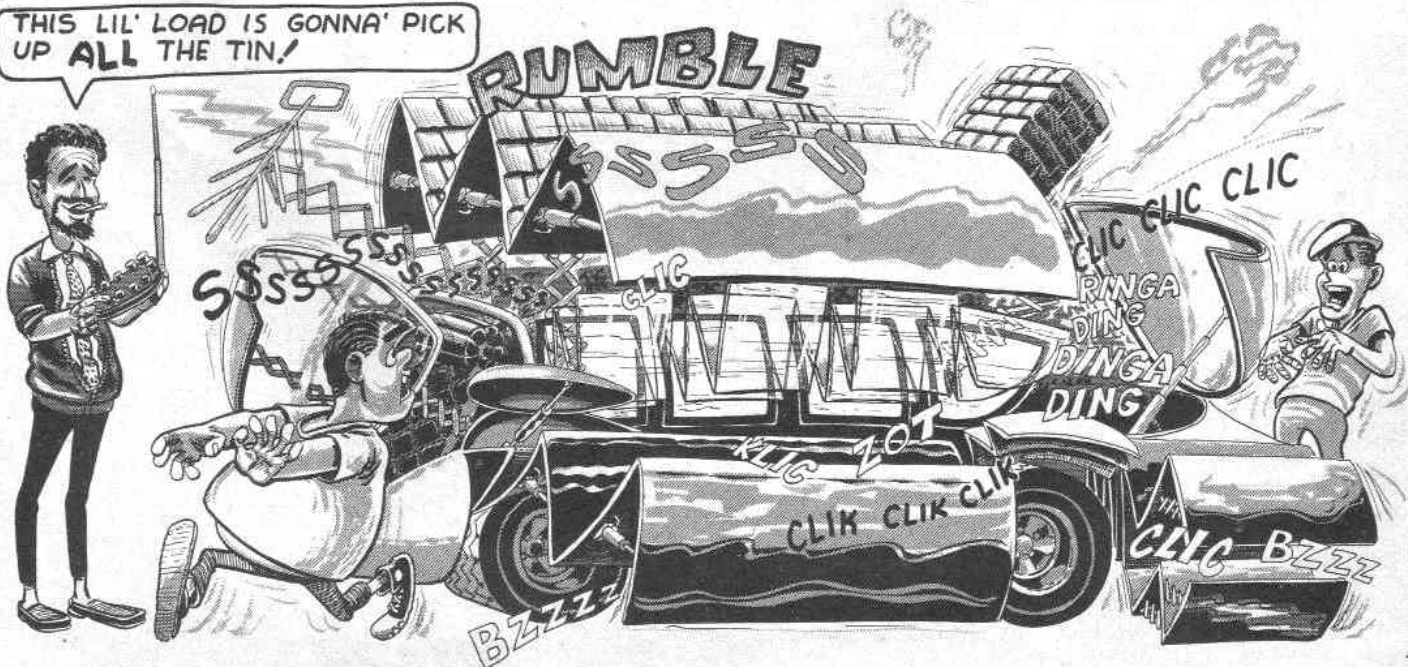
AWRIGHT YOU TWO AMACHOORS... ON YER FEET AN' ADMIRE THIS WINNER!

WELL... I GOTTA' ADMIT ONE THING, IT'S CERTAINLY, UH, ER, DIFFERENT?

SAY PAPPY, THERE'S SUMPIN' WE OUGHTA' TELL YOU ABOUT THAT CAR SHOW...



THIS LIL' LOAD IS GONNA' PICK UP **ALL** THE TIN!



GEORGE BARRIS AND WHEELS AFIELD...
EAT YER' HEARTS OUT!!



I GOT A FULLY EQUIPPED SPEED AND
ENGINE REBUILDING SHOP DOWN HERE IN
THE BASEMENT, AND....



...AN EXTRA INJECTOR NOZZLE
LIGHTS THE FIRE WITH 80% NITRO!



I'LL SET THE ENTRY UP! SEE YOU GUYS
LATER... CAN'T KEEP THEM LIL' DOLLS WAITIN'!

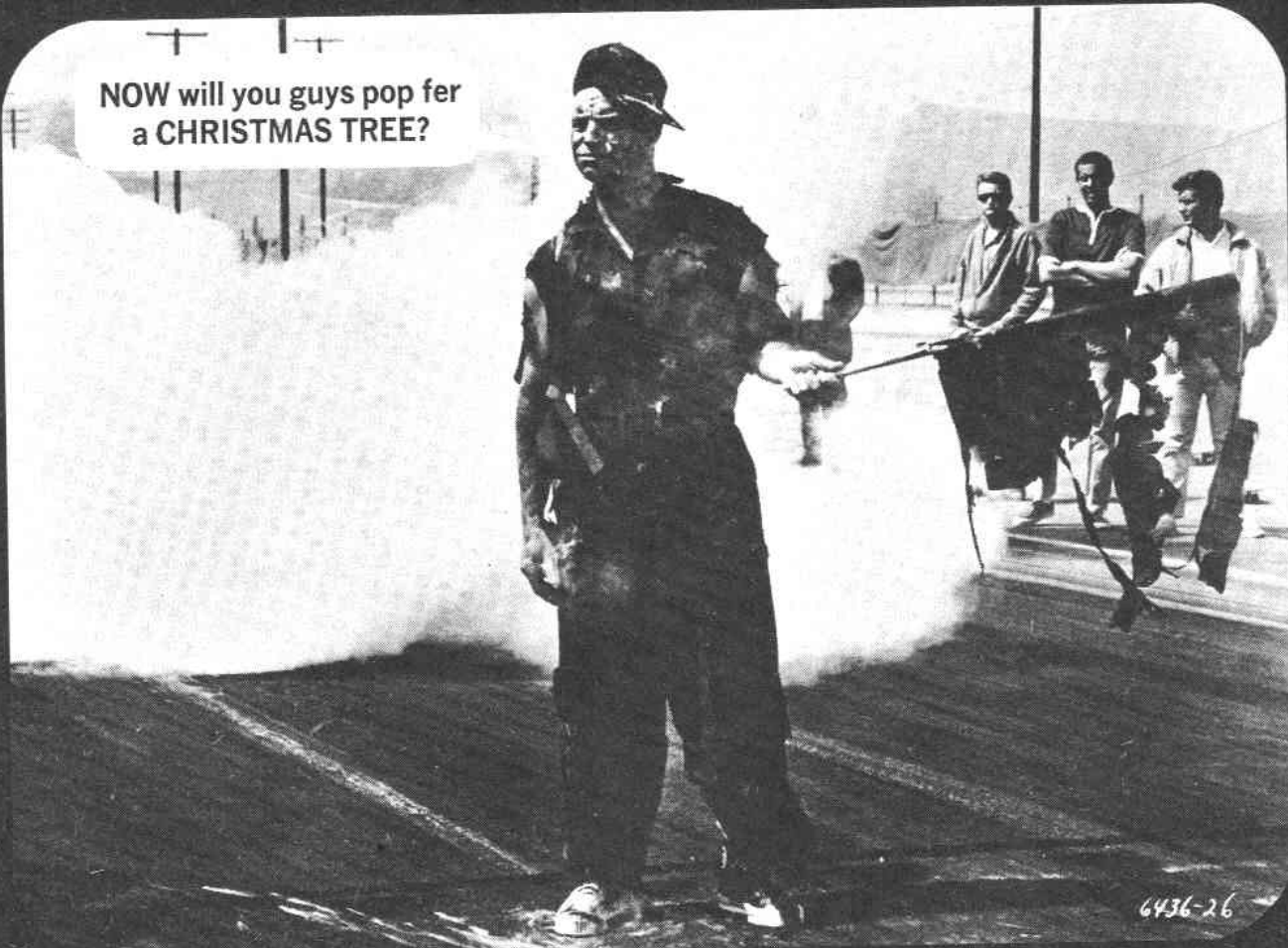


DON'T YOU FEEL GOOD, MISTER?

WELL, THEY'RE 'CUTE LIL' DOLLS' ALL RIGHTY,
BUT WOT BEATS ME IS, HOW COME I'M HAD
SO DERN EASY-LIKE?



NOW will you guys pop fer
a CHRISTMAS TREE?

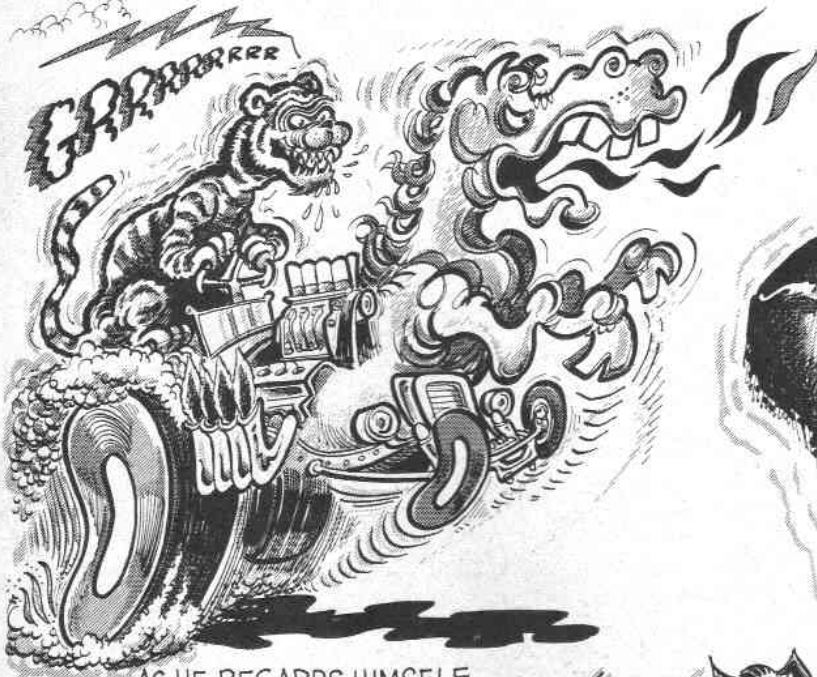


GROOVY MOOVY

When these nurds drop a mill
into the iron, they
really DROP it, don't they!



THE HOT RODDER



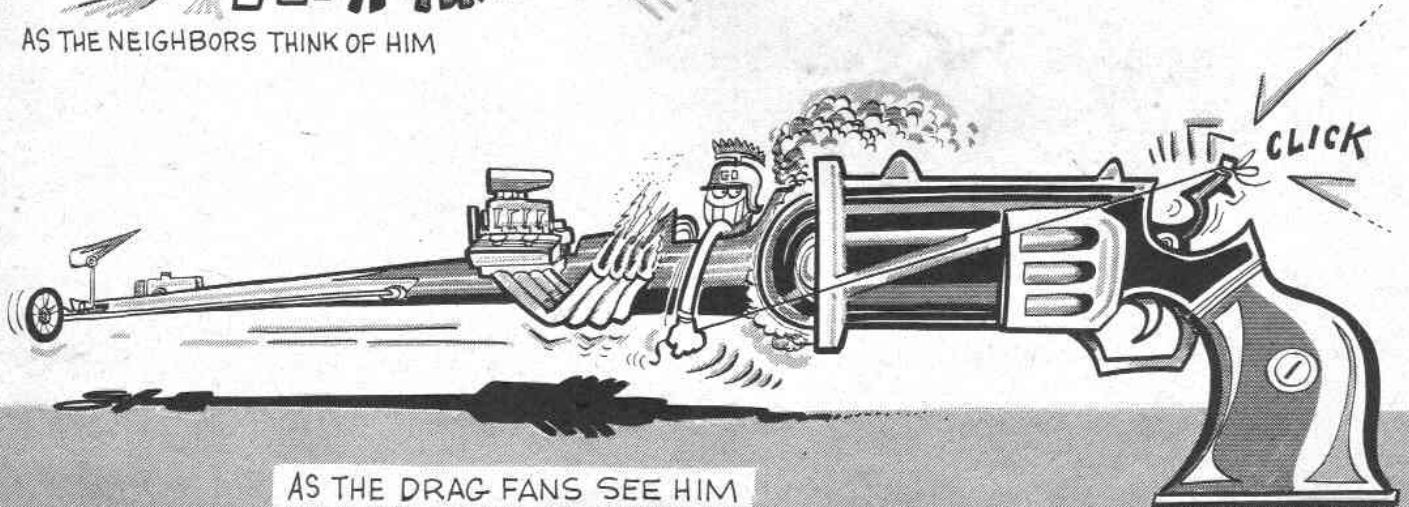
AS HE REGARDS HIMSELF



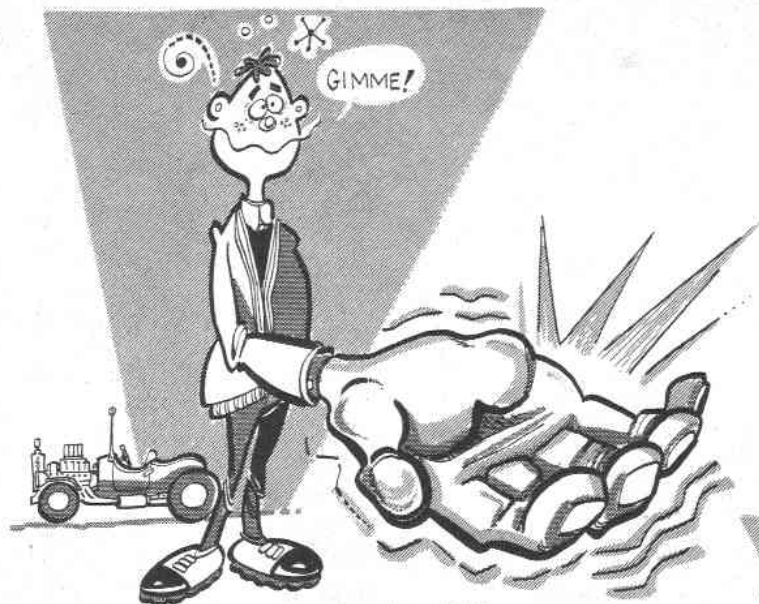
AS THE NEIGHBORS THINK OF HIM



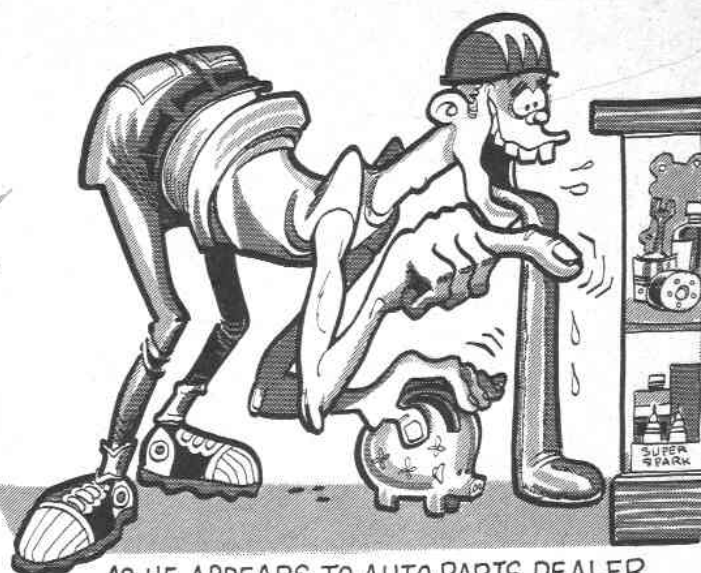
AS SEEN BY INTOLERANT NEW CAR OWNER



AS THE DRAG FANS SEE HIM



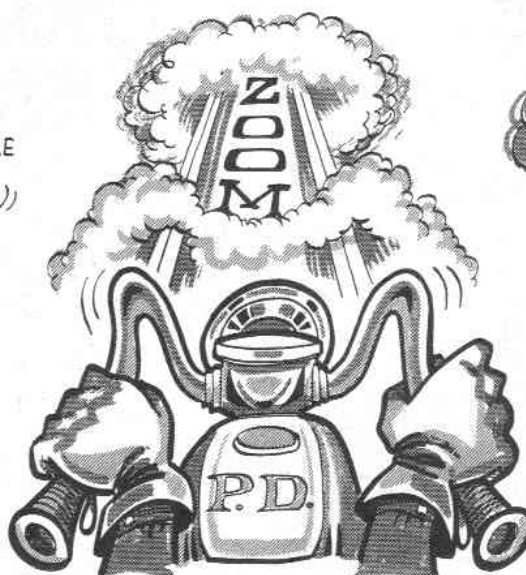
AS VIEWED BY HIS FATHER



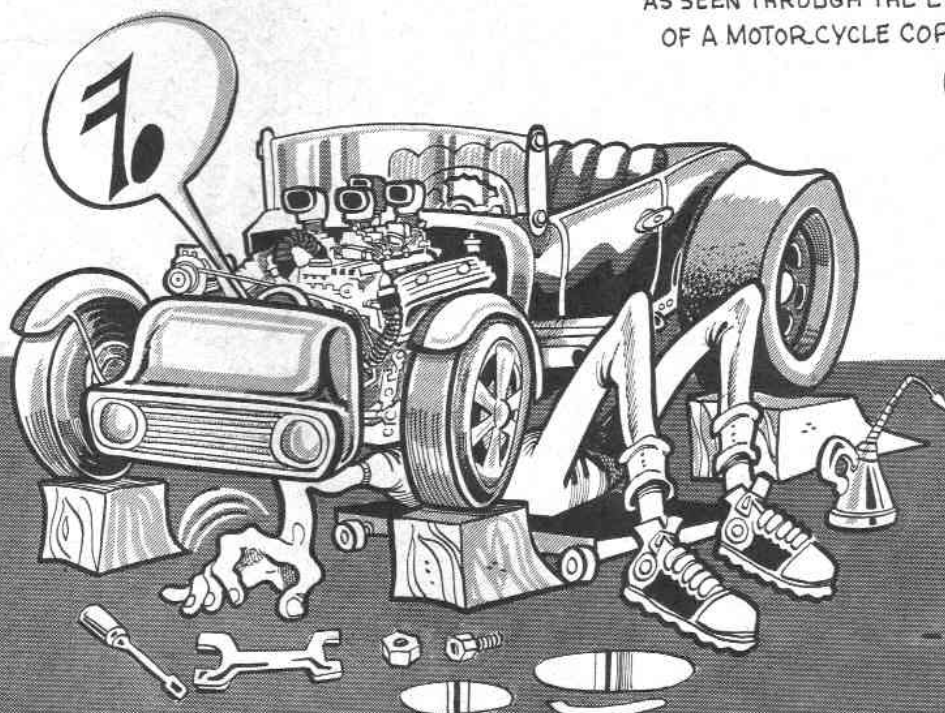
AS HE APPEARS TO AUTO PARTS DEALER



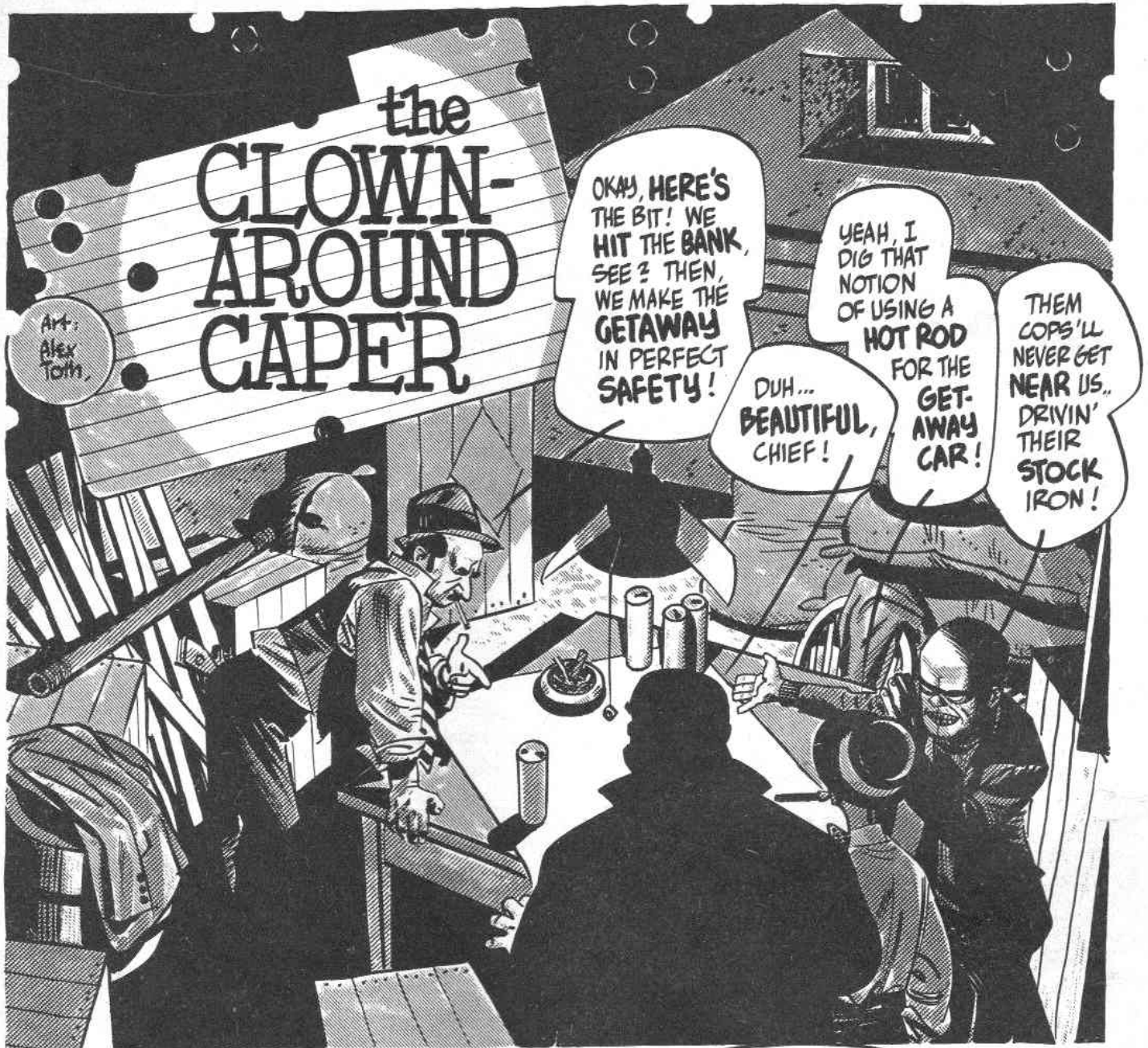
AS THE GAS STATION ATTENDANT SEES HIM



AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES
OF A MOTORCYCLE COP



AS HIS GIRLFRIEND KNOWS HIM



the CLOWN- AROUND CAPER

Art:
Alex
Toth

OKAY, HERE'S
THE BIT! WE
HIT THE BANK,
SEE? THEN,
WE MAKE THE
GETAWAY
IN PERFECT
SAFETY!

YEAH, I
DIG THAT
NOTION
OF USING A
HOT ROD
FOR THE
GET-
AWAY
CAR!

THEM
COPS'LL
NEVER GET
NEAR US..
DRIVIN'
THEIR
STOCK
IRON!

DUH...
BEAUTIFUL,
CHIEF!

YOUR JOB IS TO STEAL
A HOTROD EXACTLY
THREE MINUTES
BEFORE WE
KNOCK OVER
THE BANK!

GOT'CHA,
BOSS!

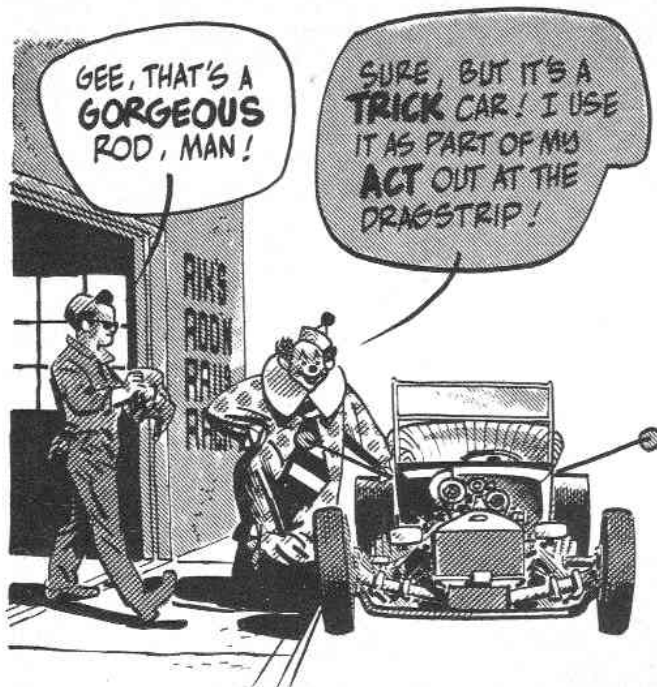
WHUT
TIMING!

WE'RE A
SCIENTIFIC
GROUP!

I WANNA SEE THAT JALOPY
WAITIN' AT THE CURB IN TWENTY-
TWO MINUTES AND NINETEEN
SECONDS - NO MORE, NO
LESS!

I'LL.. DUH..
BE THERE
WITH BELLS
ON, BOSS-
BABY!





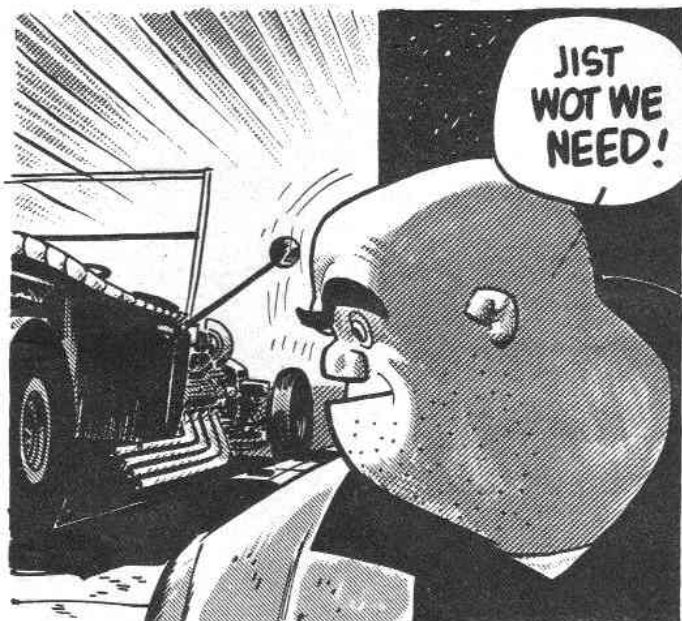
GEE, THAT'S A GORGEOUS ROD, MAN!

SURE, BUT IT'S A TRICK CAR! I USE IT AS PART OF MY ACT OUT AT THE DRAGSTRIP!

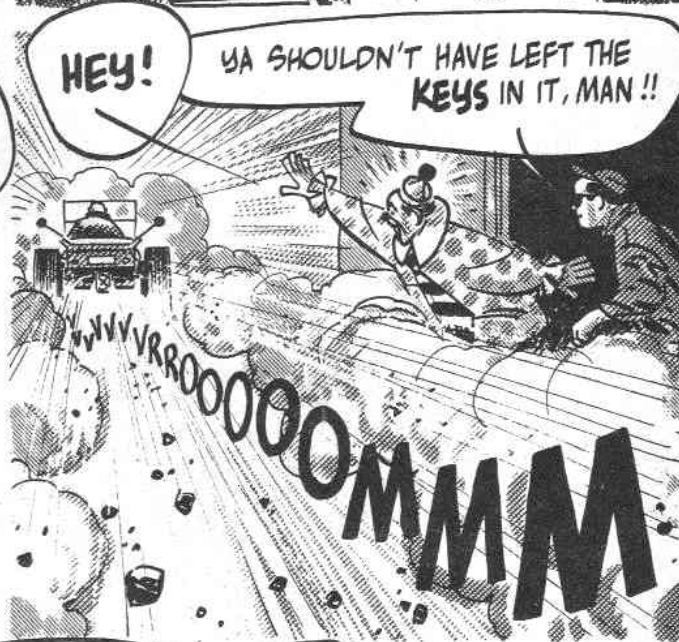


WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?

WELL, LATELY THE BRAKES HAVEN'T BEEN SO GOOD, AND..

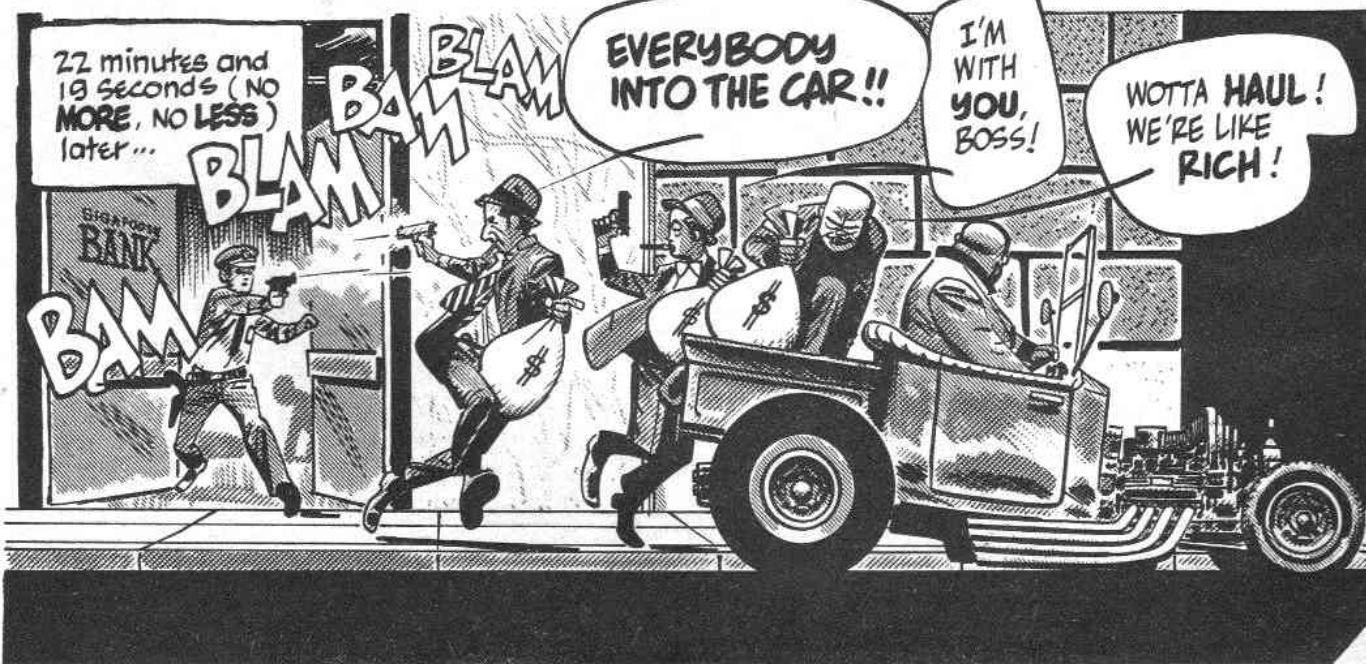


JIST WOT WE NEED!



HEY!

YA SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT THE KEYS IN IT, MAN!!



22 minutes and 19 seconds (NO MORE, NO LESS) later...

BLAM BLAM BLAM

EVERYBODY INTO THE CAR!!

I'M WITH YOU, BOSS!

WOTTA HAUL! WE'RE LIKE RICH!



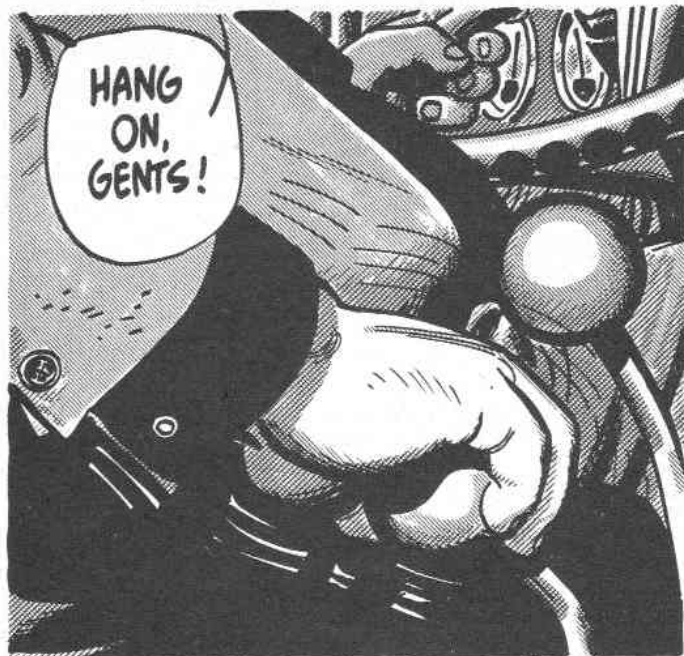
GET IN GEAR AN'
GET GOIN', STUPID!

RIGHT,
BOSS-
BABY!

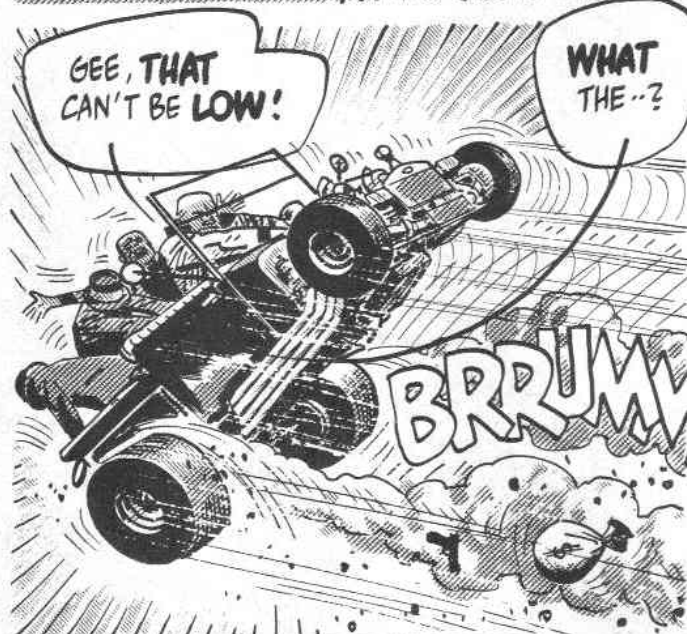
BAM

BLAM

BAM



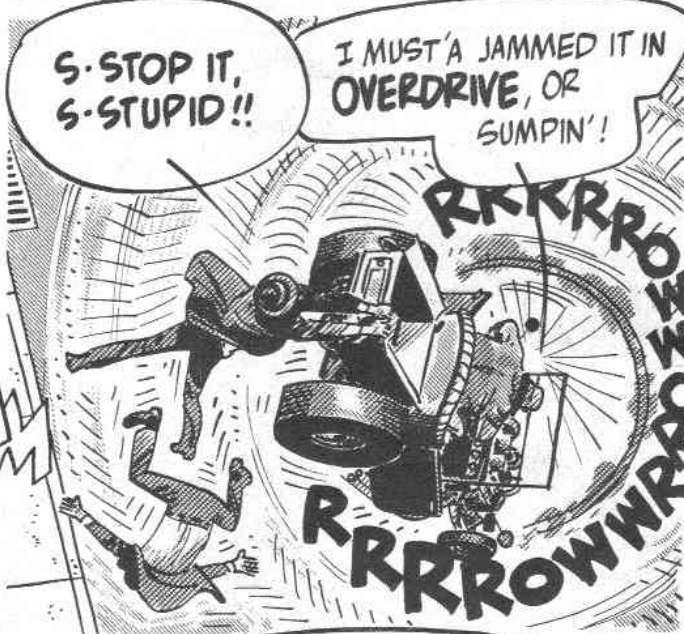
HANG
ON,
GENTS!



GEE, THAT
CAN'T BE LOW!

WHAT
THE..?

BRRUM



S-STOP IT,
S-STUPID!!

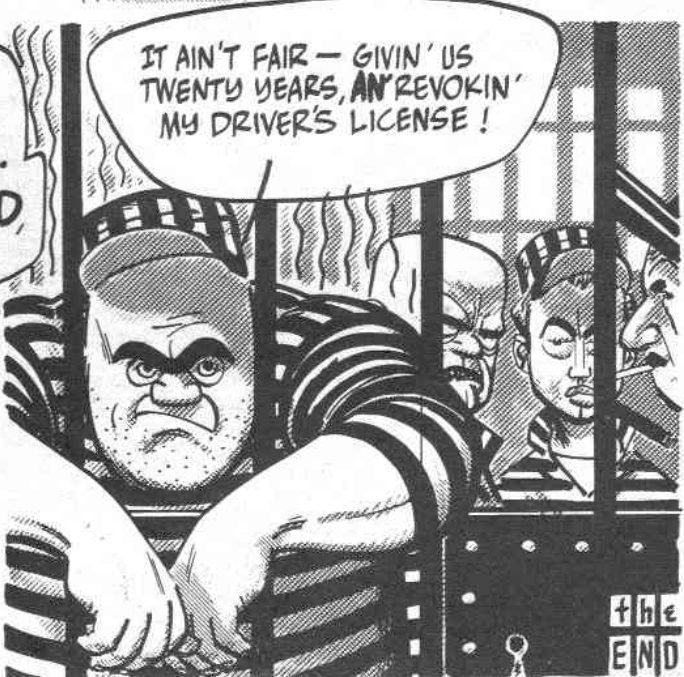
I MUST'A JAMMED IT IN
OVERDRIVE, OR
SUMPIN'!

**RRRRR
RRRRR
RRRRR**



ONE MOVE AND YER EX-CRIMINAL!

MAYBE I
SHOULDA
DOUBLE-
CLUTCHED
IT..!



IT AIN'T FAIR - GIVIN' US
TWENTY YEARS, AN' REVOKIN'
MY DRIVER'S LICENSE!

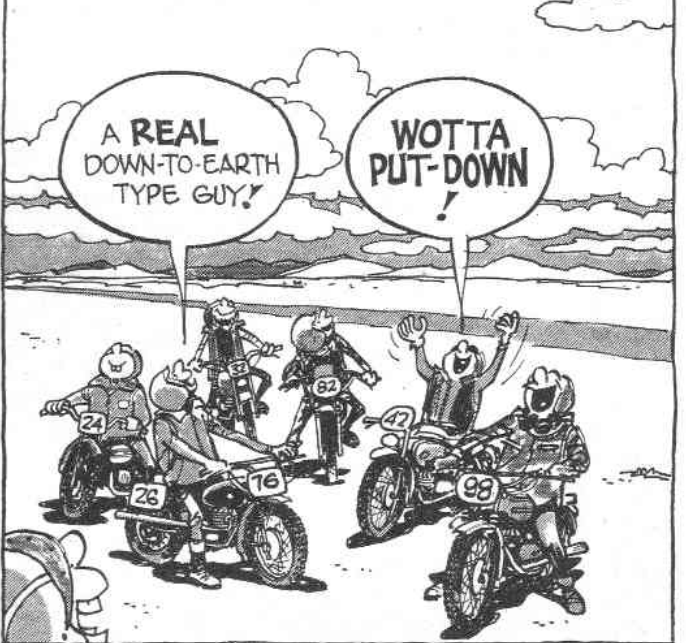
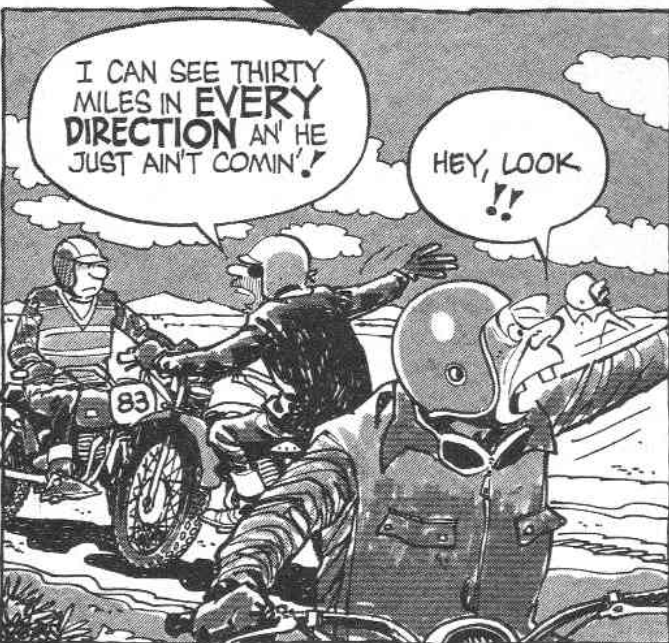
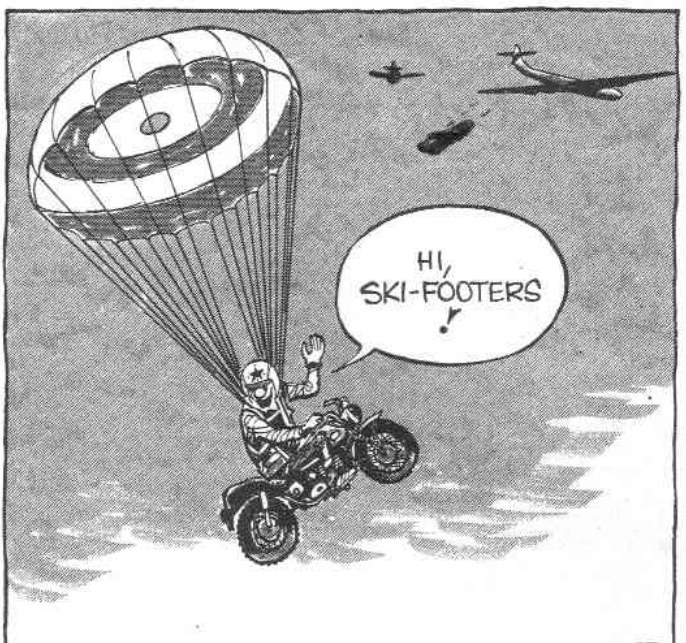
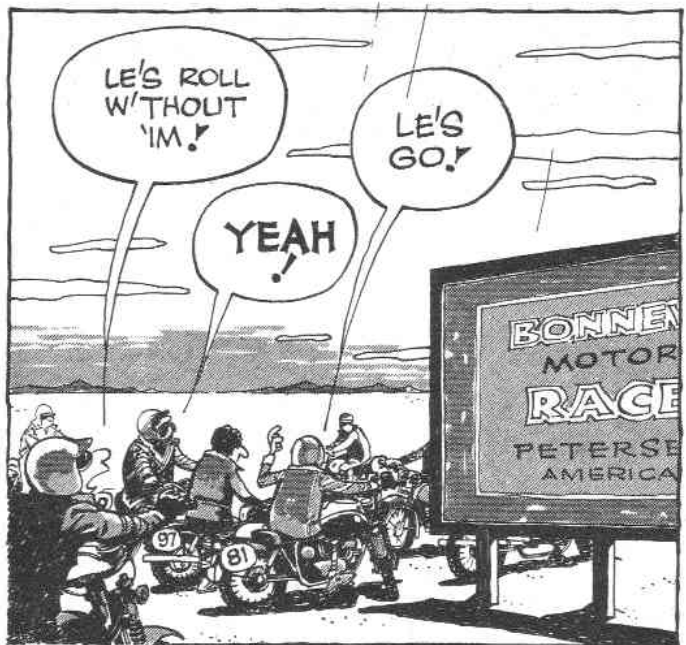
the
END



GROOVY MOOVY



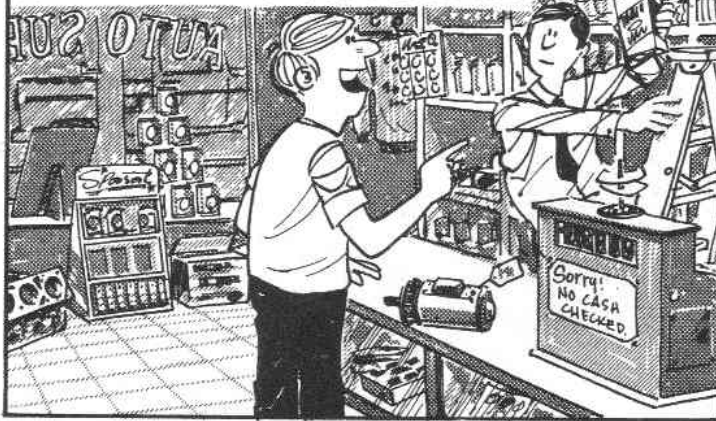
OH, CHUTE



DOUBLE DEALINGS

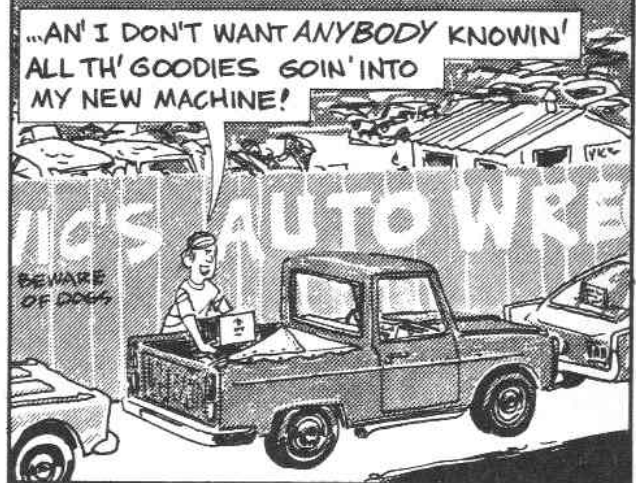
BY
NELSON
DEWEY

MEET STOKER MCTORK—BUILDER OF NINE PRIZE-WINNING SHOW CARS IN THREE YEARS! HE'S HITTING SPEED SHOPS AND WRECKING YARDS ALL AROUND THE COUNTY—BUYING ONLY A FEW PARTS AT EACH... FOR HIS NEXT EFFORT...

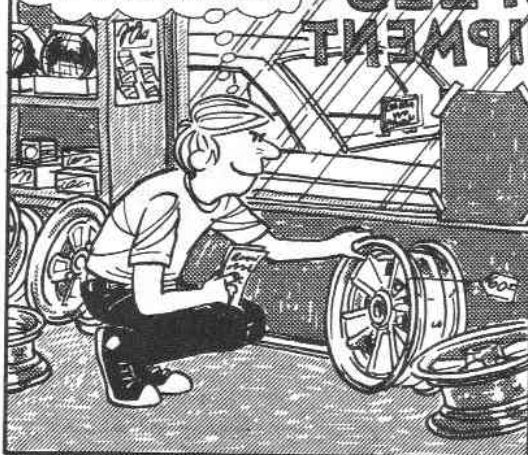


'CAUSE THE UPCOMING 'CAR-O-RAMA' AUTO SHOW HAS A \$10,000 PRIZE FOR THE BEST NEW CUSTOM... AND STOKER PLANS TO WIN IT!

...AN' I DON'T WANT ANYBODY KNOWIN' ALL TH' GOODIES GOIN' INTO MY NEW MACHINE!



A WHEEL AN' A GENERATOR HERE... A TIE ROD AN' A SKIM BOLT THERE... WHO'D KNOW WOT I'M BUILDING FROM THAT INFORMATION?



BUT—AS HE LEAVES...

I GOT A LIST OF EVERYTHING HE BOUGHT HERE.



GREAT! BRING IT TO THE MEETING TONIGHT!

THAT NIGHT... THE REGULAR MONDAY NITE MEETING OF THE 'SMOGVILLE CRANKBENDERS' CAR CLUB WILL COME TO ORDER!



...FIRST ITEM OF BUSINESS IS STOKER MCTORK! OUR VICE PRESIDENT'LL REPORT...

WE HAVE MEMBERS IN EVERY PARTS STORE, SPEED SHOP 'N WRECKING YARD WITHIN 100 MILES! THEY'LL REPORT EVERY SINGLE ITEM THAT MCTORK GETS FOR HIS NEW SHOW CAR! BY BUYING EXACTLY THE SAME PARTS, WE CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO PUT TOGETHER A COPY OF HIS CAR!



BUT... WHY?

BECAUSE HIS DESIGN'LL SURELY WIN! BUT IT'LL BE ON OUR CAR! WE'LL DELAY HIM AN' GET TO TH' SHOW FIRST! WE'LL COLLECT THE TENTHOU' PRIZE...

AND HE'LL BE RIDICULED RIGHT OUTTA TOWN FOR "COPYIN'" US!



THAT'LL SHOW 'IM!

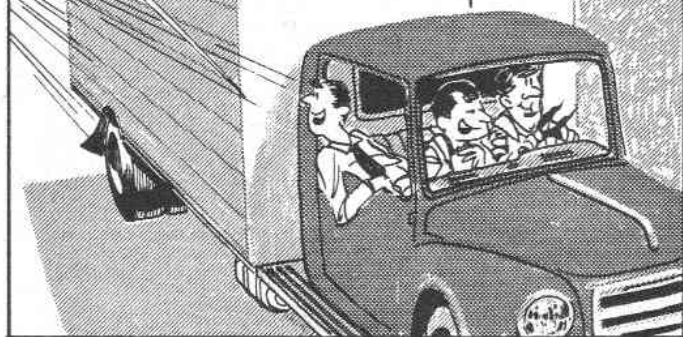
DOWN WITH MCTORK!

YEAH!

I DRAINED THE GAS AN' OIL FROM HIS TRUCK WHILE HE WAS PICKIN' OUT THEM LAST PARTS!

GREAT! NOW HE'LL BE LATE FORTH' SHOW! AN' WE HAVE 20 GUYS PUTTIN' OUR CAR TOGETHER ON THE WAY! WE'VE GOT 'IM BEAT!

HEARSE RENT A TRAILER



SOON... WE'RE ABOUT THERE... YOU GUYS

YEAH, I THINK SO... THROUGH YET?

HOW'S IT LOOK?

HARD T'TELL! YA CAN'T STAND BACK AN' TAKE IT ALL IN!



THE CAR-O-RAMA ... AND THE SMOGBURG CRANKBENDERS UNLOAD THEIR "CAR" ...

IZZAT WOT WE UH... BUILT?

IF STOKER MCTORK DESIGNED IT, IT HAS GOTTA BE A WINNER!

YOU SURE 'BOUT THIS THING?

THE SMOGBURG CRANKBENDERS C.C. THE X-Y-ZOOM

YEAH, 'CAUSE WE KNOW IT HAS ALL THE PARTS HE GOT FER HIS!

SPEAKIN' OF STOKER...

UNREAL!

YECHEHH!

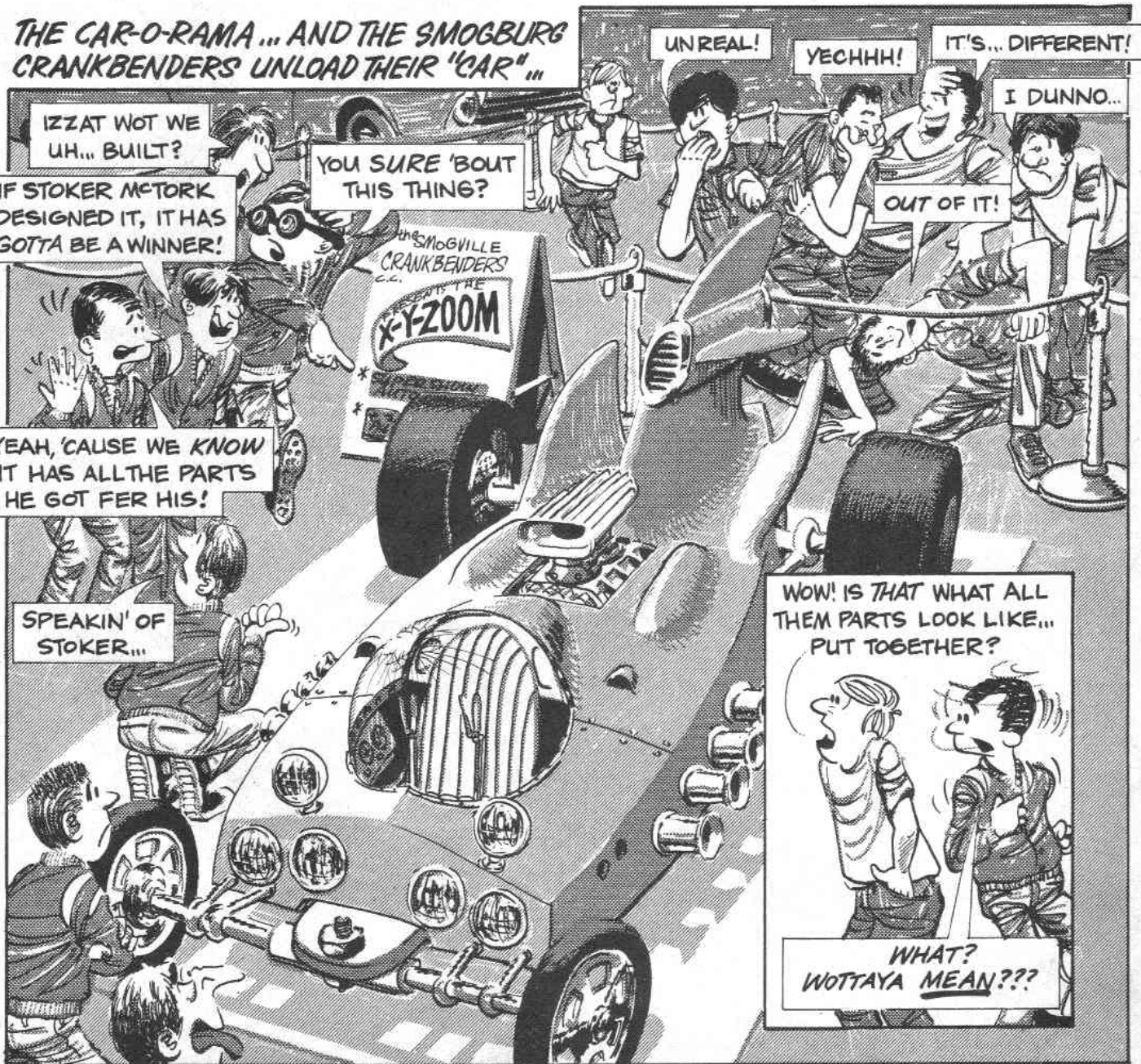
IT'S... DIFFERENT!

I DUNNO...

OUT OF IT!

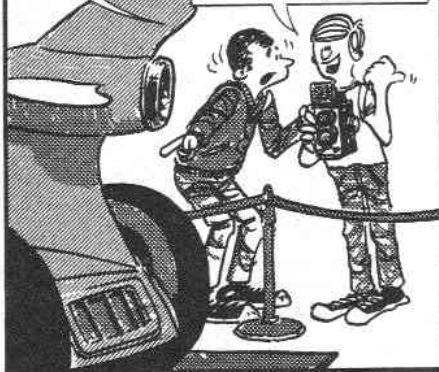
WOW! IS THAT WHAT ALL THEM PARTS LOOK LIKE... PUT TOGETHER?

WHAT? WOTTAYA MEAN???



THIS'S WOT
YOUR CAR
LOOKS LIKE,
AIN'T IT?

NAW! WHEN I BE-
GAN TO SUSPECT
WOT YOU GUYS
WERE PLANNING,
I BOUGHT ALL
KINDS'A WEIRD PARTS TO
MISLEAD YOU! MY CAR'S
OVER THERE!



...WHEN...YOU... SUSPECTED US?

YEAH- I GOT SUSPICIOUS
WHEN I SAW CLUB PLAQUES
AN' JACKETS EVERYWHERE
I BOUGHT ANY PARTS!

HOW DID YA
FIND OU-

WOT'D YA DO
WITH ALL THEM
COSTLY PARTS
YA BOUGHT???



OH...I ONLY BOUGHT A FEW!
MOSTLY, I TRADED-IN STUFF
FROM ONE PLACE TO GET
SOME AT ANOTHER PLACE!



...WE DIDN'T KEEP
TRACK OF WHAT HE TRADED-IN!
ONLY WOT HE BOUGHT! HOBOY!

CHUCKLE! IT WAS WORTH THE FEW BUCKS IT COST ME-
...JUST TO SEE WHAT YOU GUYS'D COME UP WITH!

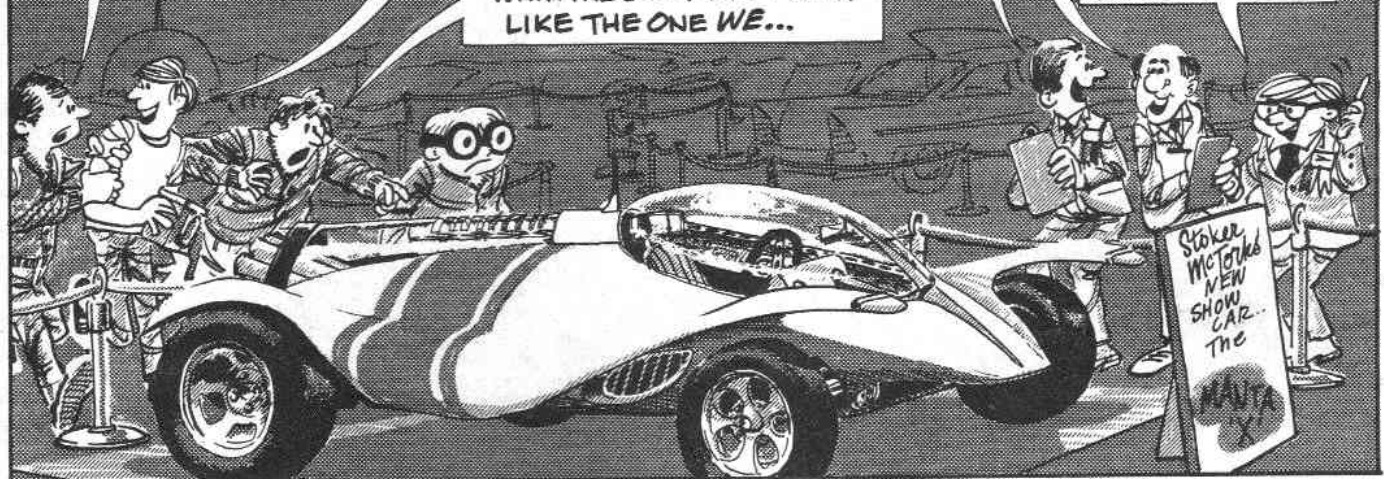
OUR PLAN! HOW'D YOU...

THIS CAN'T BE YOUR CAR!
WHY...THE BODY AIN'T A BIT
LIKE THE ONE WE...

REALLY TUFF!

OUTTA SIGHT!

I'M VOTIN' FOR IT!



YEAH- I NOTICED THE BOD YOU USED! YA
MUSTA FOUND THE MOLD FOR THAT OLD
FIBERGLASS ROWBOAT I TRIED T' BUILD ONCE...

GARGHHH!



BUT... HOW'D YA KNOW OUR PLAN TO COPY
YER DESIGN???

OH, THAT! ...ONCE I SUSPECTED

SOMETHIN', I JUST PUT ON MY OLD
CLUB JACKET AN' WENT TYER MEETING!

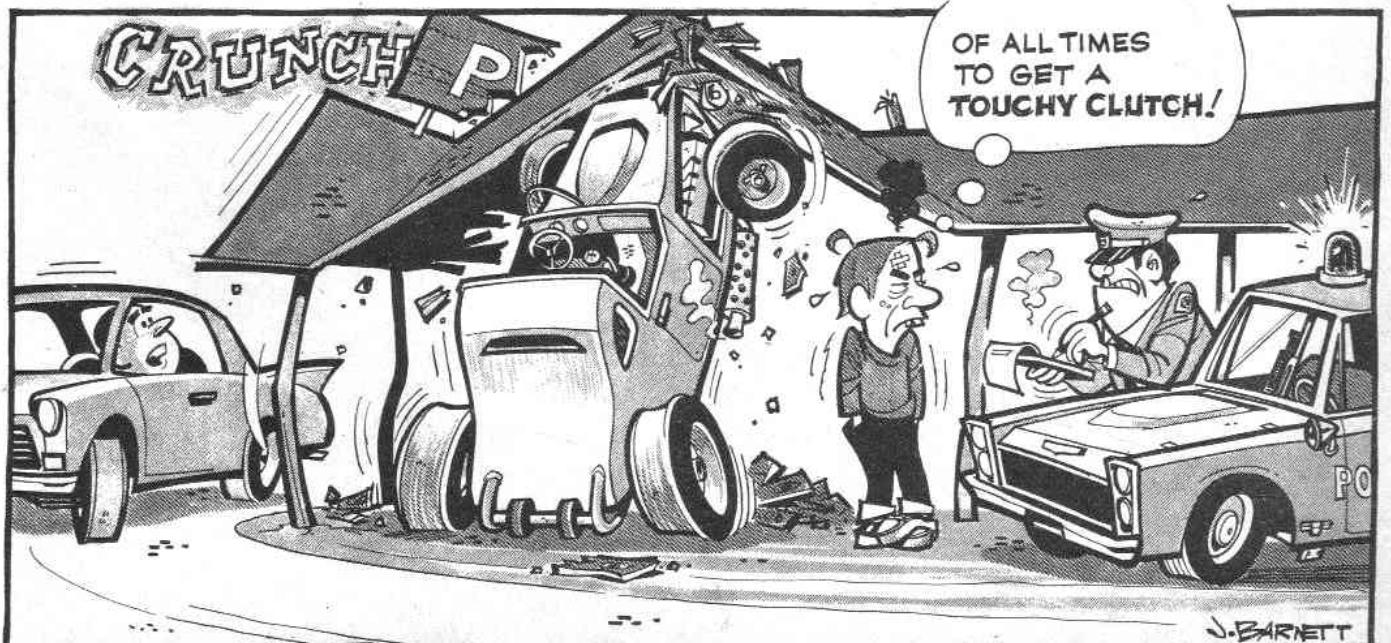
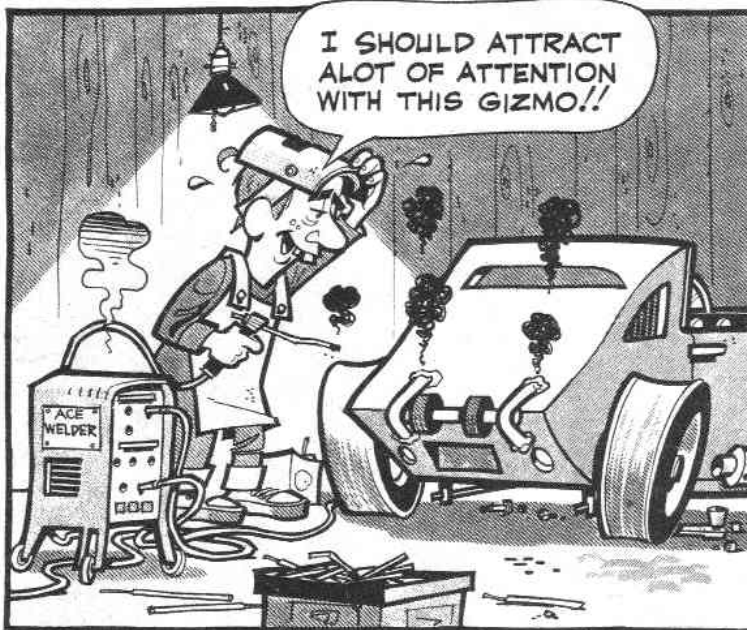
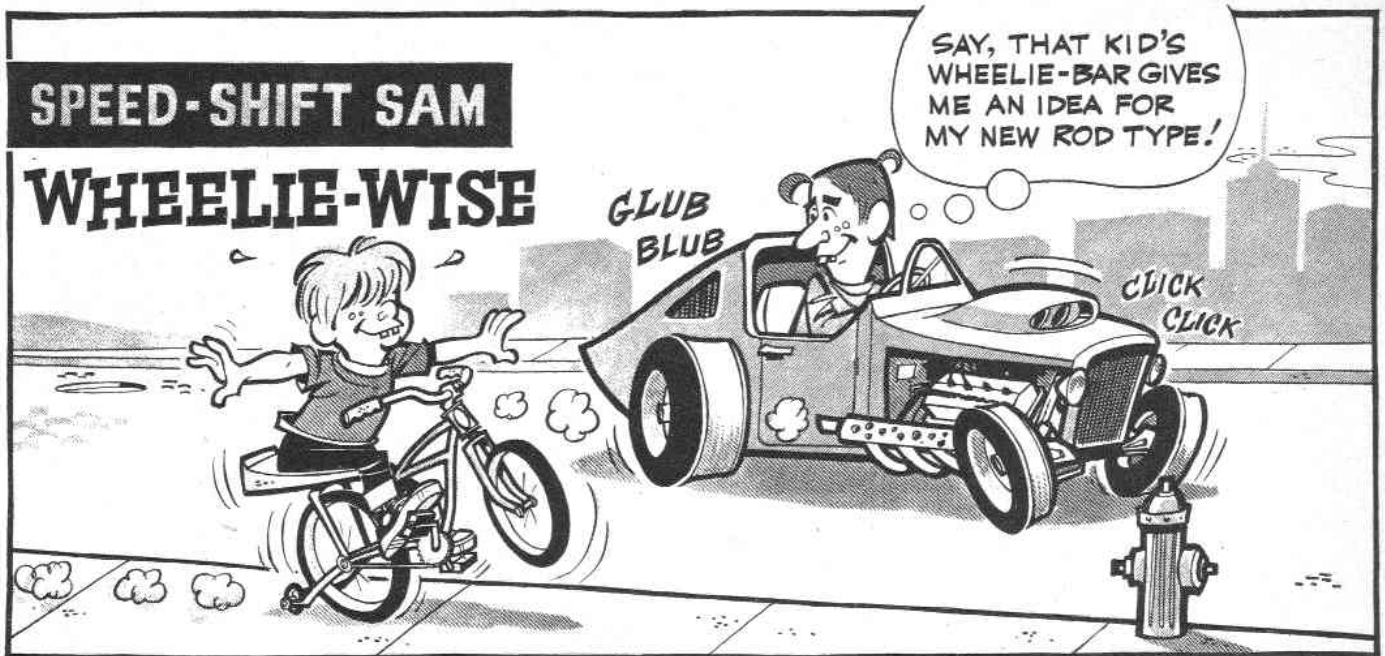


I THOUGHT TH' GUY YELLIN'
"DOWN WITH MCTORK" SOUNDED
KINDA FAMILIAR...

NED.

SPEED-SHIFT SAM

WHEELIE-WISE



Lyrics: R. L. Dawson
Grabbies: H. S. Hinton

Tune Up Time

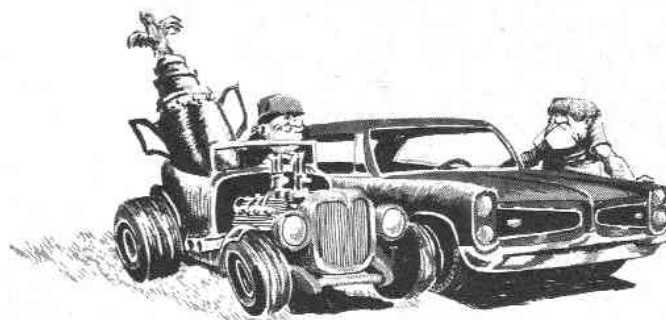
If the sound of mumbling mills is music to your iron-mad ears, you oughta lose your wheel-lovin' mind over the following little numbers. Hanging new words on the Old Songs is a wild modification that only guarantees that the mellowditty like lingers on . . .



FINANCIALLY FICKLE

(Beautiful Brown Eyes)

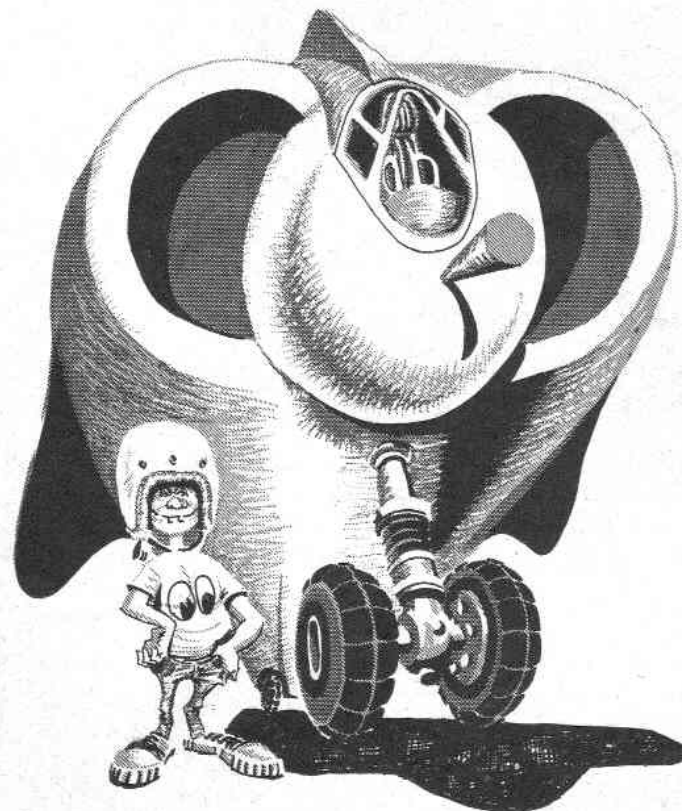
Beautiful, beautiful Cobra,
Beautiful, fast little Cobra,
Beautiful, beautiful Cobra
I'll never love Flatheads again.
Sometimes I drive in the country,
Sometimes I drive in the town,
But I no longer tool my sick Flathead;
My Cobra is better all 'round.
Beautiful, beautiful Cobra,
With this gem I'll always win,
Hard-charging, powerful Cobra,
I'll never love Flatheads again.
I went for a ride in my Cobra,
I blew up the four-speed box,
Four-hundred coins for a new one,
My Flathead went into hocks.
Beautiful, beautiful Cobra,
Expensive so far you've been,
Beautiful, beautiful Cobra,
But I'll never love Flatheads again.
I went to the drags in my Cobra,
That was a day of woe,
I lunched-out the engine while draggin';
Another will cost too much dough.
Beautiful, beautiful **FLATHEAD**
Beautiful, **CHEAP** little Flathead,
I'll never love Cobras again.



FRUSTRATION IS A FLATHEAD

(I'm Lookin' Over A Four-Leaf Clover)

You are a fathead — you own a flathead,
You're square, you don't know the score.
One, they're outdated;
Two, they're too slow;
Three, they are hated
By engines that go.
Four is remaining (I'll start explaining),
You'll see why I wish them dead;
I'm down on flatties, the dirty ratties,
'Cause they **WIPED-OUT** my **OVERHEAD!**



GUNG HE

(Marine Hymn)

From the pits of San Fernando
To the sands of Bonneville,
I shall break existing records:
I shall have the better mill.
First to streak a grand-per-hour
I'll be the fastest man alive,
I will fill my life's ambition
Soon as daddy let's me drive.

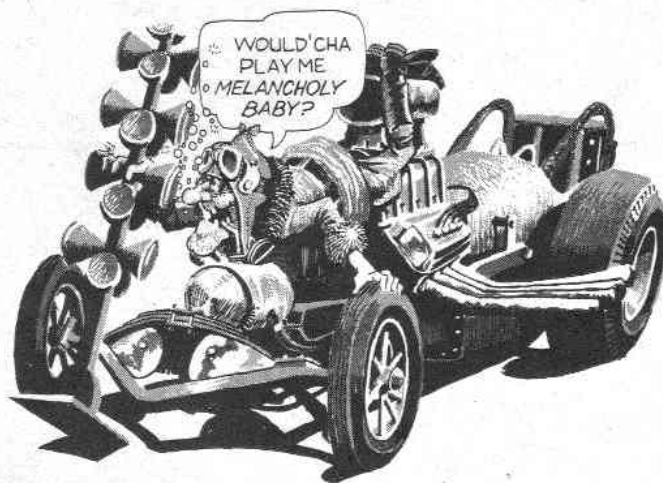


LOSER'S LAMENT

(Heart Of My Heart)

Champ of all Champs, I'm faster of them all,
Loaded with trophies, I've never had a fall,
Watch this technique as I jam it to the floor;
I keep it down,
The engine's wound,
And give it just a little m-o-r-e.

Chump of all chumps, I really BLEW'ER up,
Everything went through the pan;
I know my wife will blow it,
When she sees we'll have to tow it,
I was draggin' her RAMBLER SEDAN.

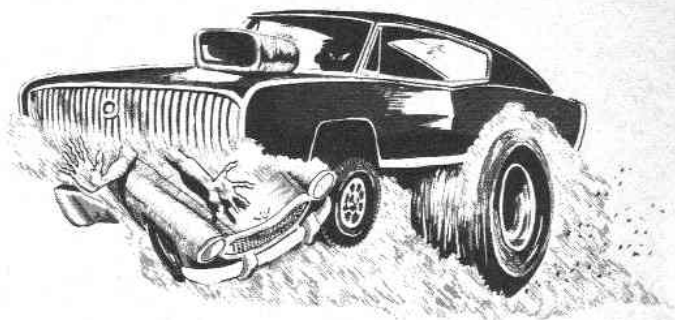


HAS-BEEN'S HYMN

(Dream)

Dream, when you're feelin' blue,
Dream, I am eighty-two;
Luck ... I don't have it, ain't won a drag,
My bones start to sag,
Can't make out the FLAG ... so ...
Dream, now I can't shift gears,
Dream, racin' all these years,
Old ... and I know it, still I can't QUIT,
I dream, dream, dream.

Dream, just WHY can't I win?
Dream, when I was young again,
Days ... they have gone-by — used to run fuel,
Straight alky the rule,
A silly old fool ... so ...
Dream, but I'm feelin' good,
Dream, better than I should,
I quit burnin' fuel, now DRINK it instead,
And REALLY dream, dream, dream!

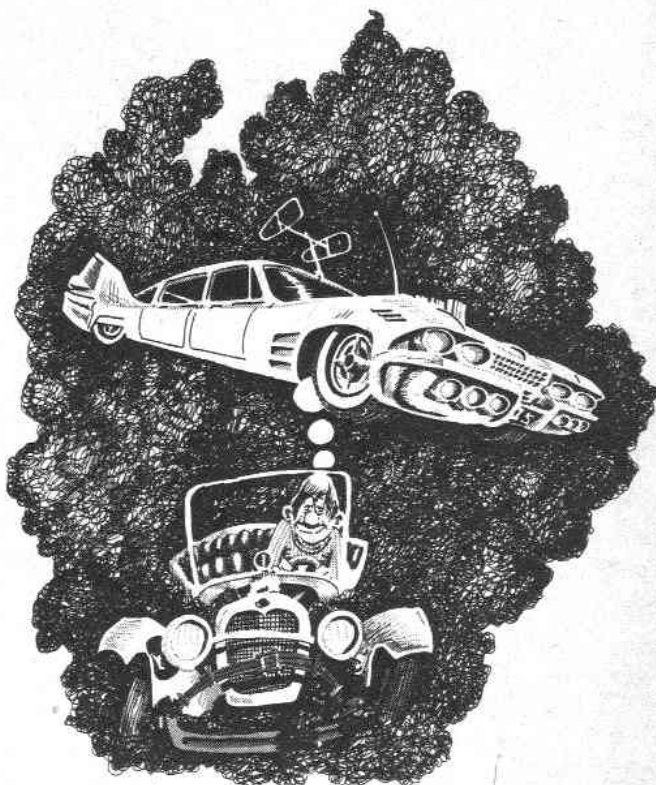


CURB-TO CURB CARPING

(Air Force Song)

Off we go, into the world of street-drags,
In daddy's car I know I'll be champ,
With bucket-seats, fac-to-ry four-on-the-floor,
Noisy pipes, a go-pedal to tramp.
(RUMP-RUMP-RUMP!)

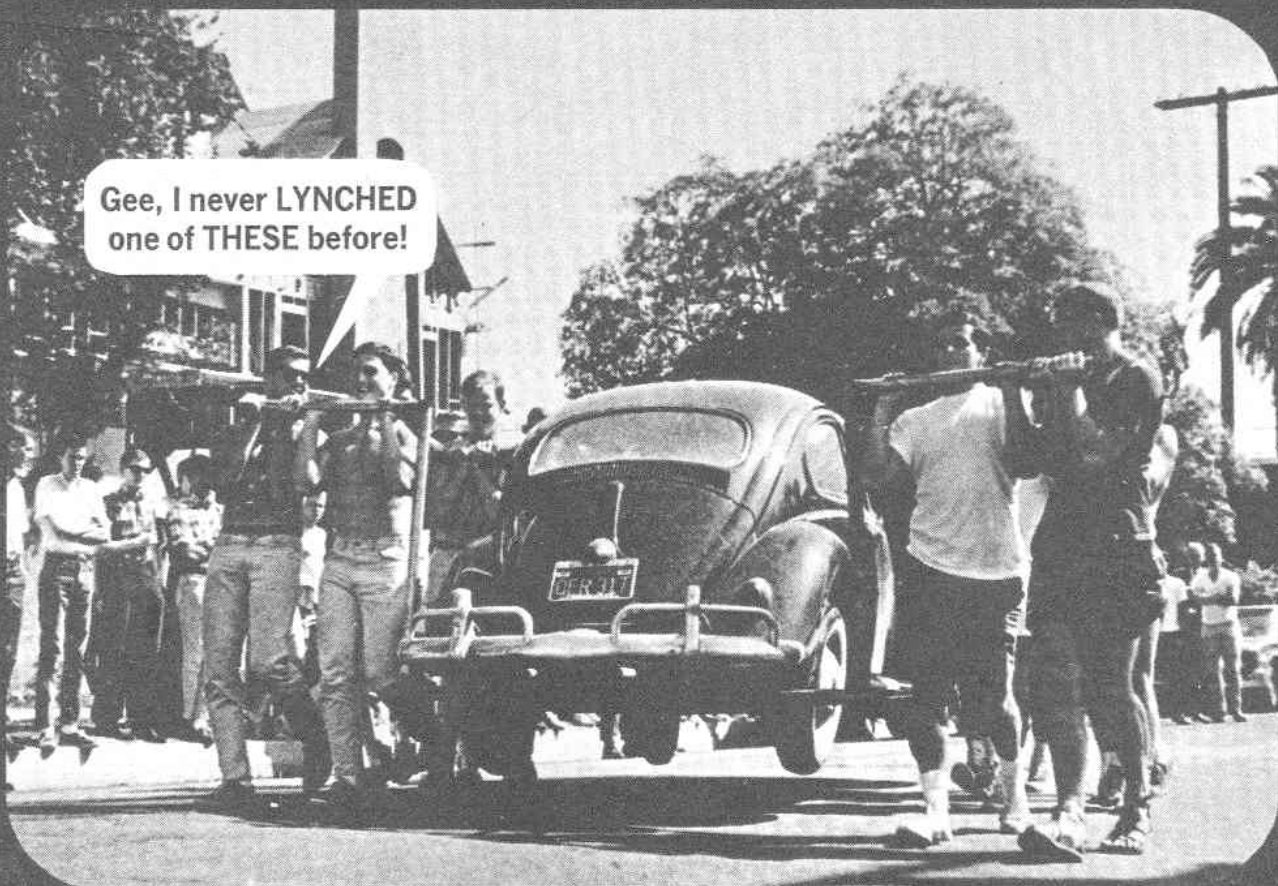
There's my first — sittin' there on a corner,
An easy win (what's Four-Twenty-Six?),
Now it's one ... two ... three ...
HOW THE AITCH DID HE BEAT ME?
Nobody told me that Chargers and Sprites don't mix!



FUMIN' AN' AFUSSIN'

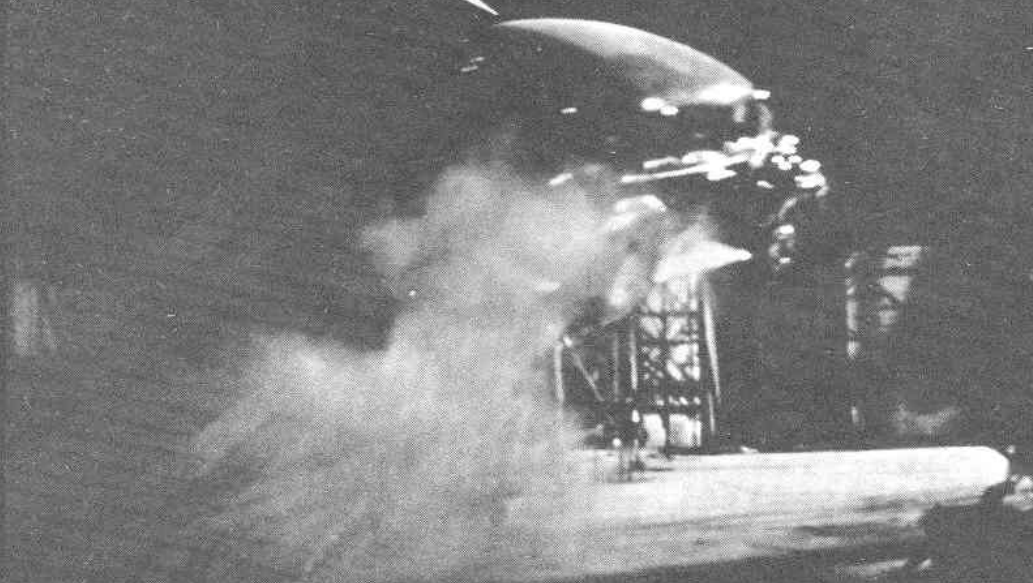
(On Top Of Old Smokey)

On top of old smoker, my heap is a dog;
The cars far behind me, get lost in the fog.
I'd get me a new one, all shiny an' chrome;
Ten carbs with four blowers, and push-button comb.
It'd ride thirteen people, with room left to steer;
Eight lights on the frontend: sixteen in the rear.
I'd abandon my clunker, except that I'd sob;
I'd better just settle for a cheapie-ring-job!

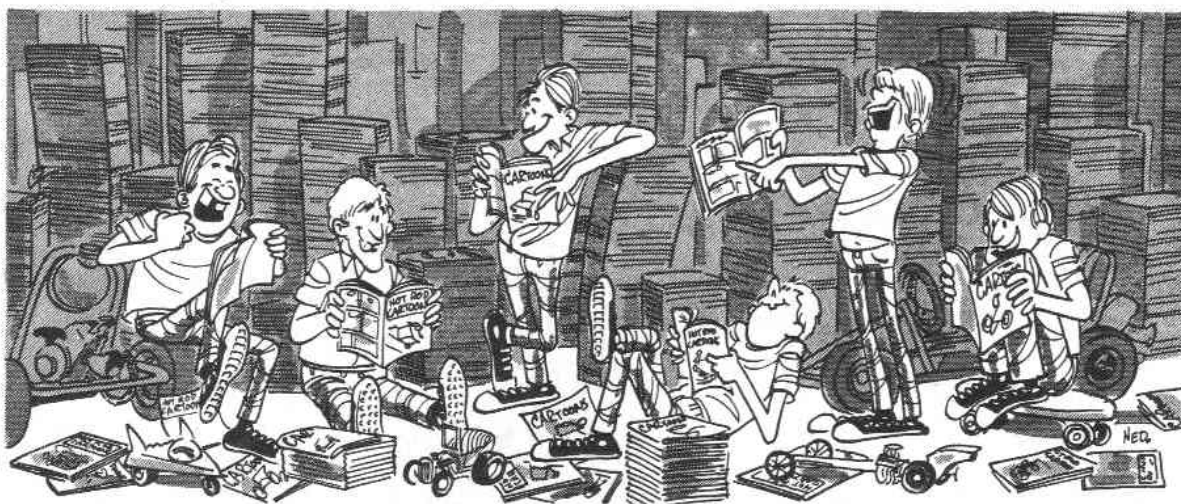


GROOVY MOOVY

Wot kinda WHEELIE is THIS, man?



Man, ya jes' ain't **LIVIN'** unless ya've got **ALL** of them!



Like here's yer chance to pick-up on the ones ya *missed* when they first came out. Maybe yer kid brother ate one. Maybe yer best buddy borrowed one (and ain't never gonna bring it back!). Maybe ya moved and left some of them behind. So now ya kin replace or add Back Issues — and *save coins* while yer doin' it! It's a cool deal, man!

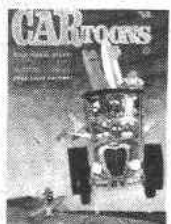
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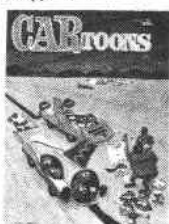
April '65



June '65



Aug. '65



Jan. '65



March '65



May '65



July '65



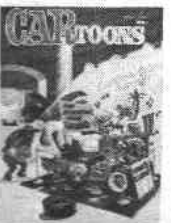
Oct. '65



Dec. '65



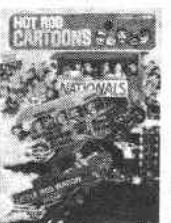
Feb. '66



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Nov. '65



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HI-HOWDY, SKEE-FOOTERS!

MAAAN, DIG THAT **ANCIENT** PLOW!

YEH, AN' THE OLD CHICK **ON** IT WUZNT BORN YESTERDAY EITHER!



LADY, YOU CAN'T MAKE THE HILL ON **THAT** MONSTER!

YEH...WE AIN'T MADE IT YET.. RIDIN' LIGHT STUFF!

IT'S JES' A MATTER OF **POWER** KIDDIES!



JES' WATCH AN **EXPERT**, FELLERS! THAT MOUND'S AS GOOD AS MADE!



YIIPPEEEEE! LOOKOUT, LIL' OL' MOUNTAIN, HERE COMES GRANNY AN' HER **ALTITUDE-GRABBER!**



COM'ON! LET'S GIT TO GITTIN! THIS IS GONNA' BE HAIRIER THAN I THOUGHT!





YER A **DIEHARD**, LADY!

DON'T TAKE ALL **DAY**, SONN

HILL CLIMB TODAY

YER A **DIEHARD**, LADY!

HILL CLIMB TODAY

DON'T TAKE ALL **DAY**, SONN

Y!

YOU'RE RIDIN' FER A FALL, LADY!

NOT THIS TIME, JUNIOR!

WAAAAA WAAR

WAAR

WAAR

Y!

YOU'RE RIDIN' FER A FALL, LADY!

NOT THIS TIME, JUNIOR!

WAAAAA WAAR

WAAR

WAAR

NOW FER GRANNY'S CRAZY LIL' OL' 2ND-STAGEROONY!

KOFF HAK
GAG
BOG
KAF DIE

GLUK
GLEEF

HOORAY FER YOU....YA LIL' OL' TOPPER-CHOPPER!

POPPITY-POP AN' OVER THE TOP! IT'S LIKE RIDIN' A LIL' OL' LUMPA PURE POWER!

LOOKIT'ER GO!

YEH, BUT IS IT LEGAL?

IT'S A **BIKE** AIN'T IT, MAN?

FINISH

FINIS

POPPITY-POP AN' OVER THE TOP! IT'S LIKE RIDIN' A LIL' OL' LUMPA PURE POWER!

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LOOKIT'ER GO!

YEH, BUT IS IT LEGAL?

IT'S A BIKE AIN'T IT, MAN?

FINISH

FINIS

DEEP ROOTED PROBLEM!

WE'VE MADE THREE RUNS AN' THAT BEAST JUST AIN'T GETTIN' THE FUEL!...I'LL BET THE LINES ARE CLOGGED!

SPUK!
COFF!

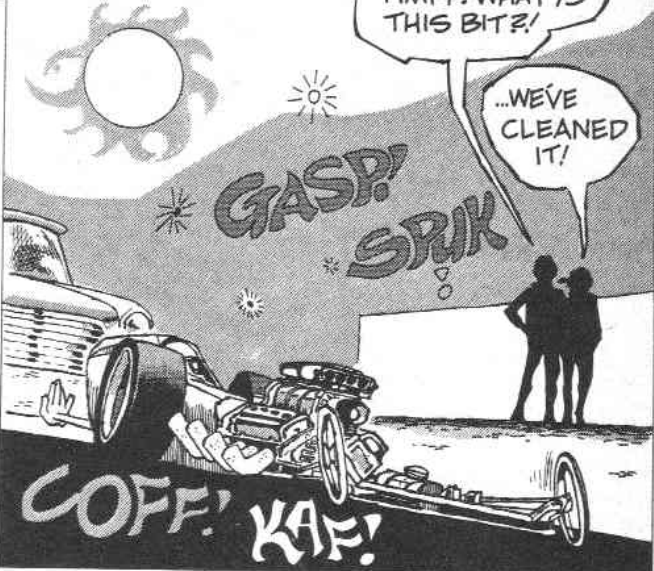


I'M HIP! LET'S PULL 'EM AND CHECK!

A SHORT TIME LATER!

HMFF! WHAT IS THIS BIT?!

...WE'VE CLEANED IT!



COFF! KAF!

SIGH, WELL FRIENDS. AN' NEIGHBORS, I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAFTA DO IT AGAIN!

MOTHER WAS RIGHT I SHOULDA BE- CAME A DOCTOR OR LAWYER!

...WUNNERFUL!



OH, THIS IS GETTIN' TO BE JUST A BIT TOO MUCH!

THE FUEL IS O.K., THERE IS SOME- THING IN THOSE LINES!

SPUKY
SPOK!
POF!

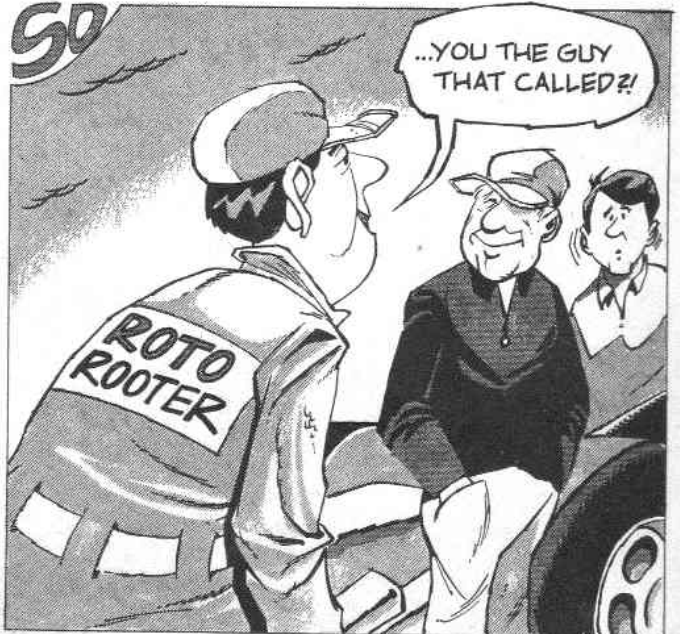
SPOK!

CHOK
POK!



SHALL WE (SHUDDER) DO IT AGAIN?!

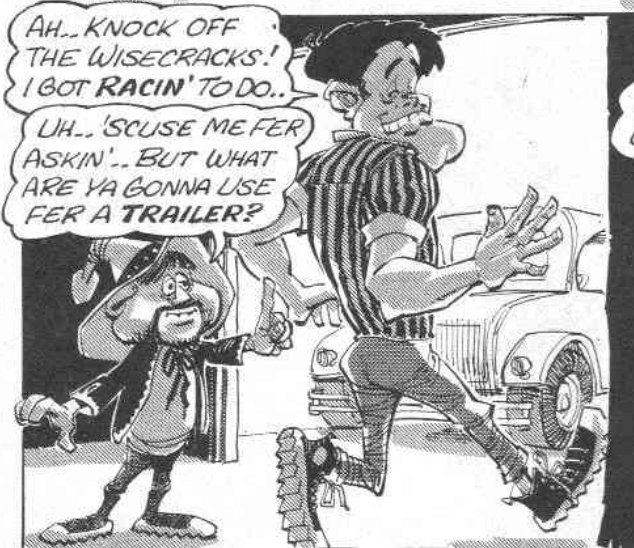
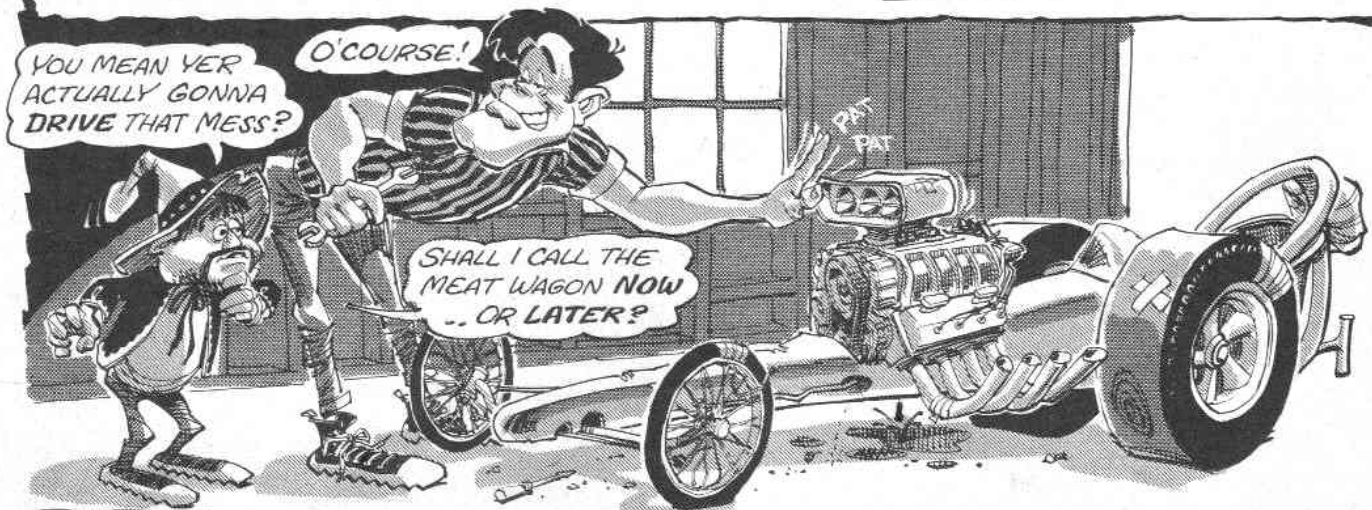
NO, JUST COOL IT! I'M GONNA MAKE A LIL' PHONE CALL!

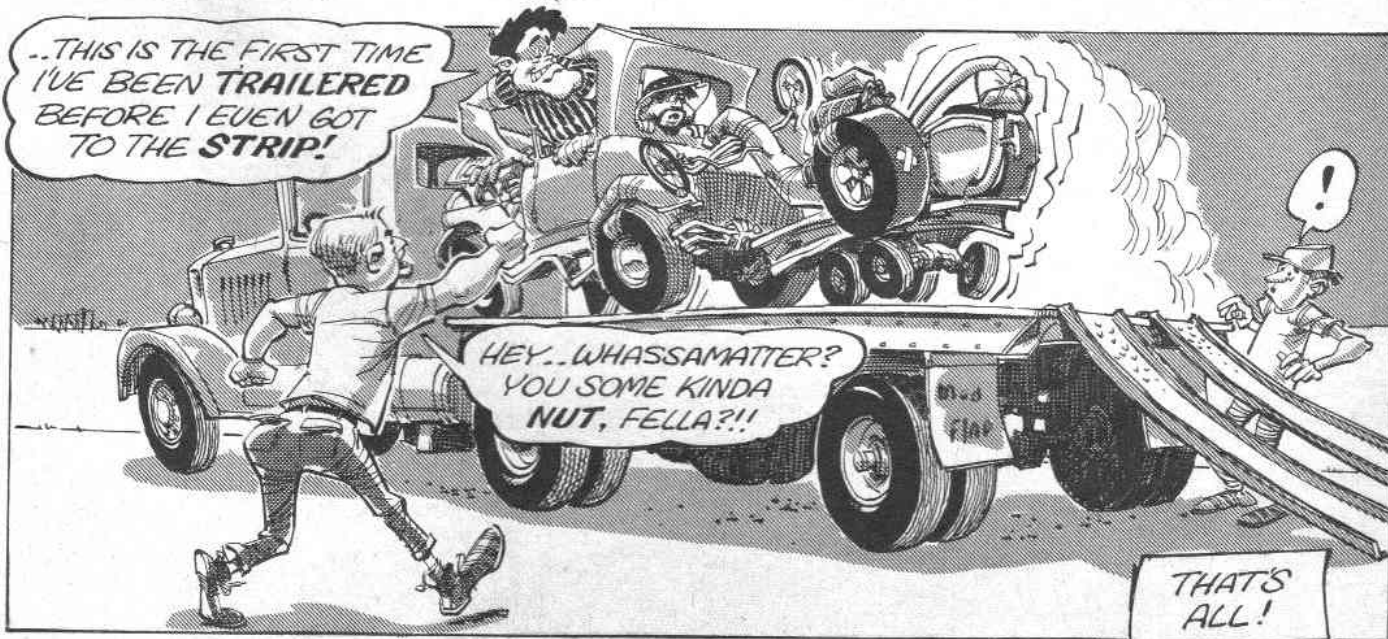
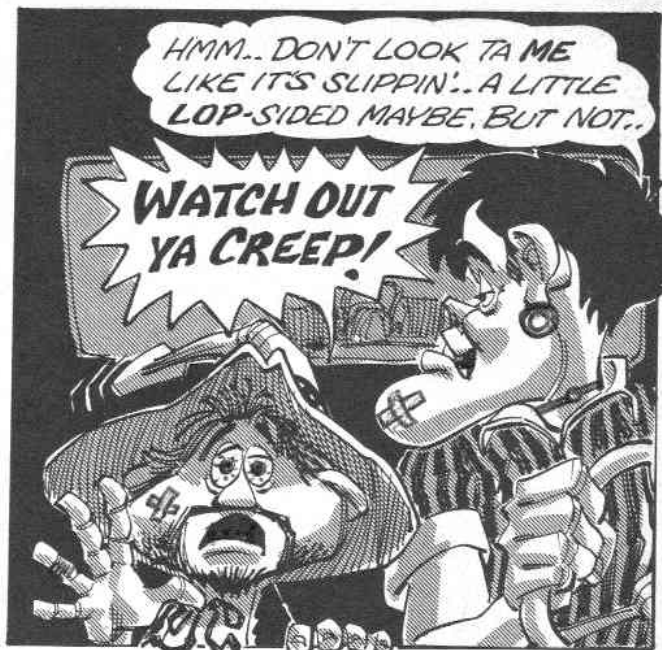
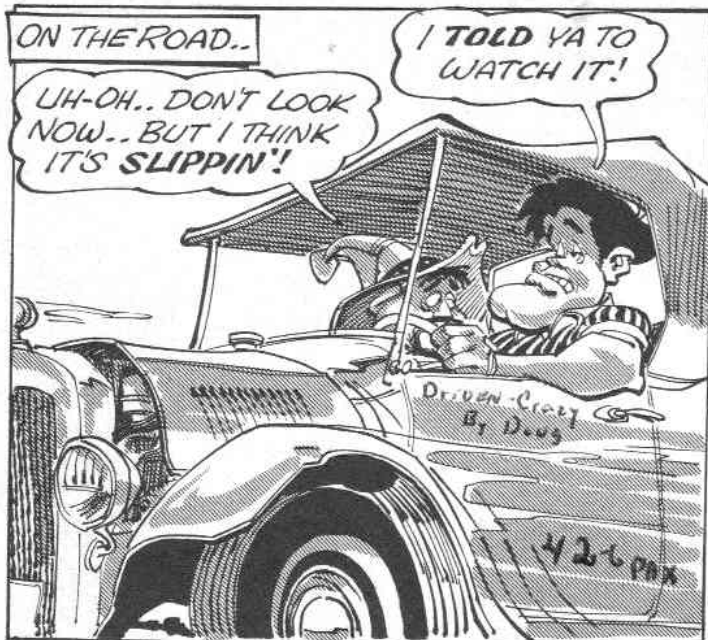


...YOU THE GUY THAT CALLED?!

ROD AND HIS BITTY BUDDY GIZMO

"HITTIN' THE TRAIL-ER"





LOOKIT!!!



A Coupla Cool Classics...



**...that'll like drive ya right outa yer mind and into
Downtown Laff-city where all the automotive Humor
Action is scorchin' around in high gear!**

Be a keen kollector: Send koins **today**, man!



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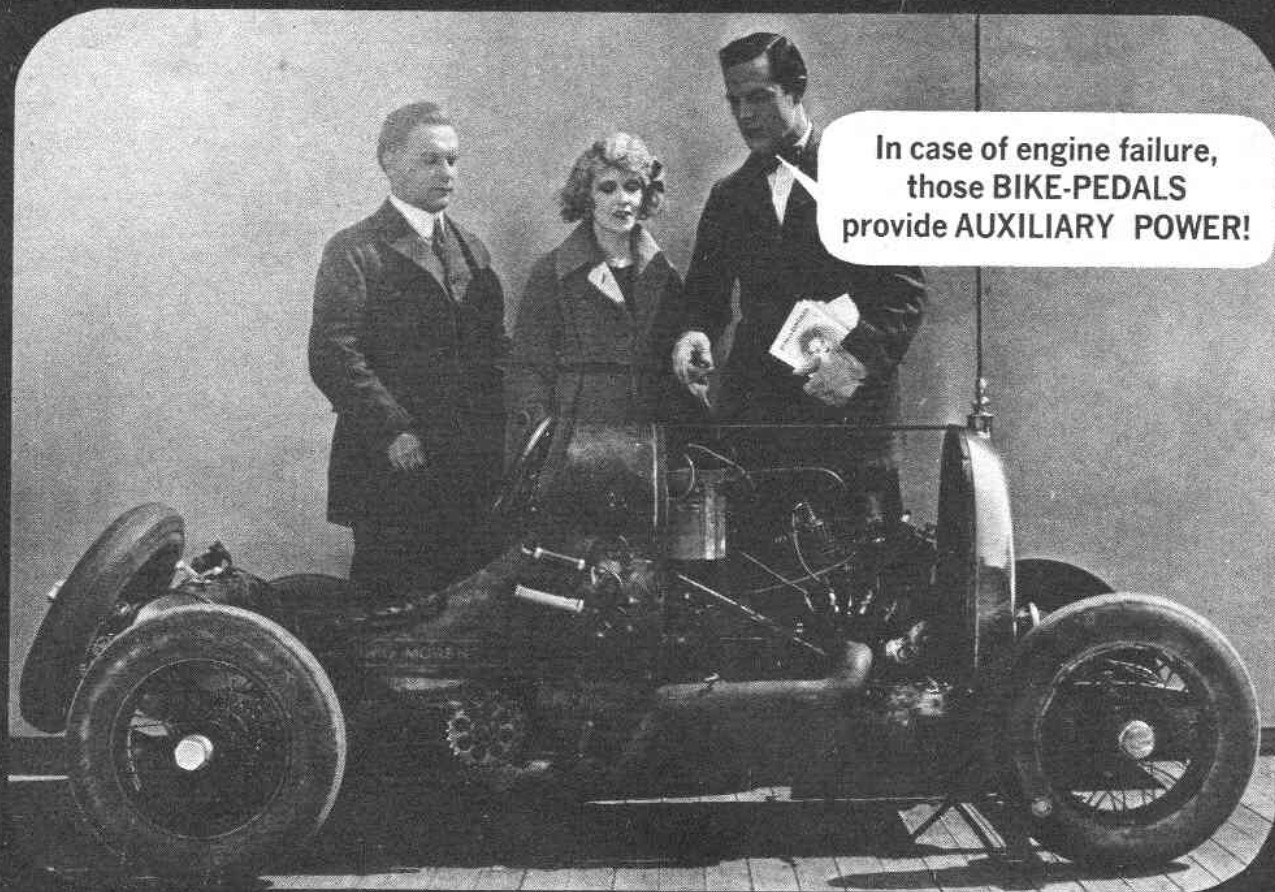
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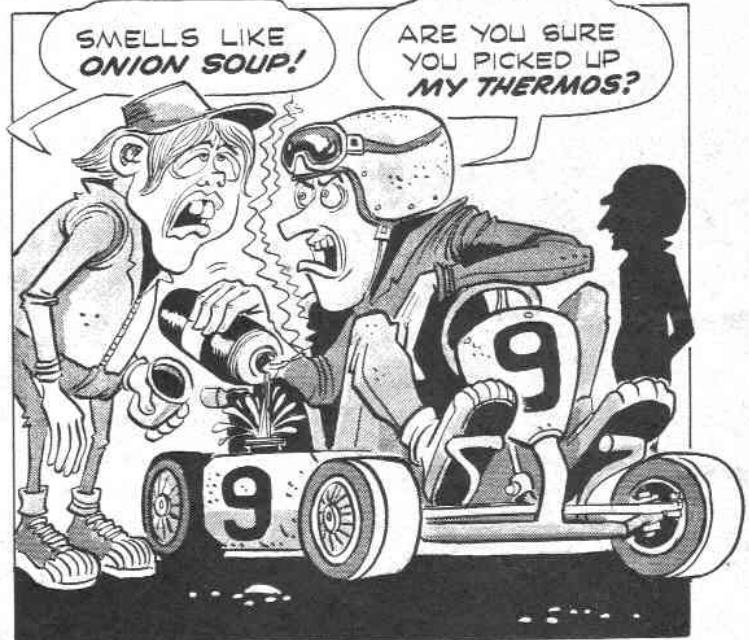
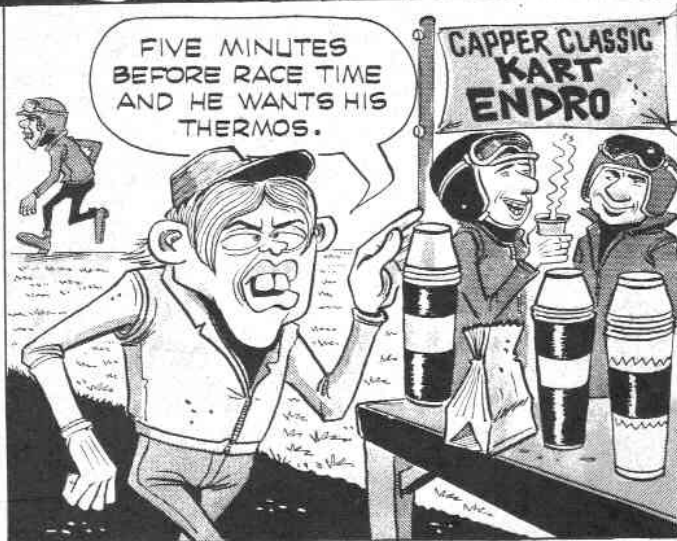
In case of engine failure,
those BIKE-PEDALS
provide AUXILIARY POWER!

GROOVY MOOVY

Then, if the fuzz gets too close
— you push THIS button
and the whole thingie turns
into a TRASH CAN!



SOUPED-UP



DEMONSTRATION RIDE



...HOKAY, MR. PHONY STRIP
MANAGER!...STAND BY TO
BE PICKETED...WE'RE
ON TO YOU!

...ME?...HEY WAIT NOW!
DON'T YOU HAVE THE
WRONG PLACE?!



WE KNOW YOU'RE
A WAR MASTER,
POPS!

W.WAR W...WHA?

WHAT DID I DO?
JUST WHAT DID
I DO?!



TROMP TROMP!

JEEZ, CHIEF, BUSINESS
IS BAD ENOUGH WITH
OUT THIS!



MAN, I MUSTA INHALED
TOO MANY EXHAUST
FUMES LAST RUN!

**NO ANTI-MISSILE
MISSILES**

**STOP THE
WAR IN
ANTARCTICA!**

WAR LORDS!

PEACE OR ELSE!

DO YOU EVER GET
THE FEELIN' THAT
THIS IS AN AGE
OF MADNESS!

GET THOSE IDIOTS OFF THE STRIP!...STOP THE
RUNS!...SOMEBODY'S GONNA GET HURT!



SOMEBODY AL-
READY IS; US!

the EDGE OF
DOOM!

HOWEVER, LATER THAT DAY...

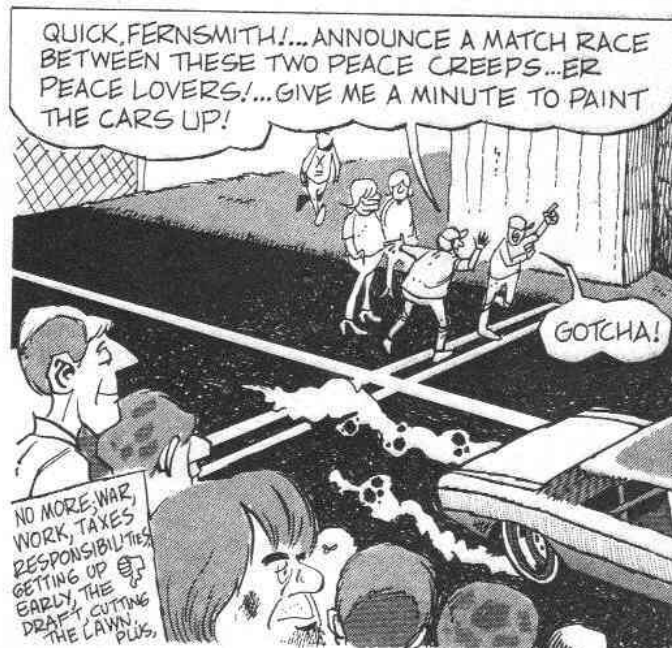
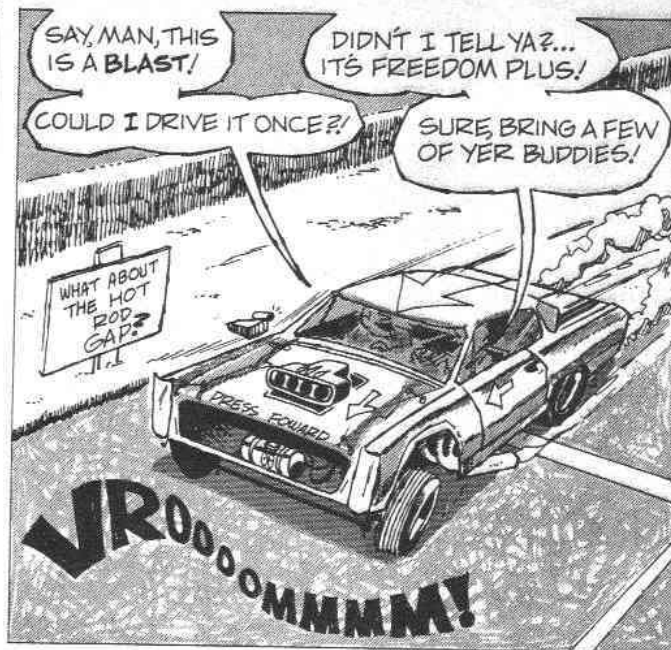
RUINED *SOB* OH,
FERNSMITH, WHAT WILL
WE DO?...THIS IS THE
CHOKE END!

CHIEF/LOOK AT THE
STANDS! THE PAPERS GOT
HOLD OF THIS!...PEOPLE
ARE COMIN' FROM ALL OVER
TO SEE THESE PROTEST
CATS!



YOU'RE RIGHT!...WE GOTTA
COME UP WITH A CROWD PLEASER
THIS IS A NATURAL! THIS IS
OUR TICKET TO SUCCESS!

NEXT WEEK: TOM MCGOWN
WILL BEING: I JUST WANT
SOMEONE TO KISS!



...HURRY, FERNSMITH!...LINE UP MORE CARS! THE CROWD IS GOIN' WILD FOR THIS BIT!

I'VE ALREADY ARRANGED TO RENT CARS FROM THE DRIVERS, FOR THESE LONGHAIRS TO RACE!

YOU DARLING LAD!

THRU THE LONG AFTERNOON

...AND NOW FOLKS!...DADDY PEACEBUCKS MEETS DON NICHOLSON'S WAR ELIMINATOR!

POP! WAP! BAROOM!
DAVEY PEACE
MERCURY COMET DON NICHOLSON
WAR ELIMINATOR
BRAPPP!

WHICH TWIN IS THE PHONY?

WE GOT 'EM SO ENGROSSSED IN RACING THAT THEY FORGOT THE PROTEST BIT!...THEY'RE EVEN CUTTING THEIR HAIR AND CLEANING UP!

...SPEAKING OF CLEANING UP CHIEF!

RUMP! RUMP!
CHIPS!

YES, FERNSMITH...I KNOW! WE'VE MADE IT!...TURNED DEFEAT INTO VICTORY! AN THIS IS ONLY THE START! WE'LL DO GREAT, NEW THINGS!

I'M WITH YA CHIEF!

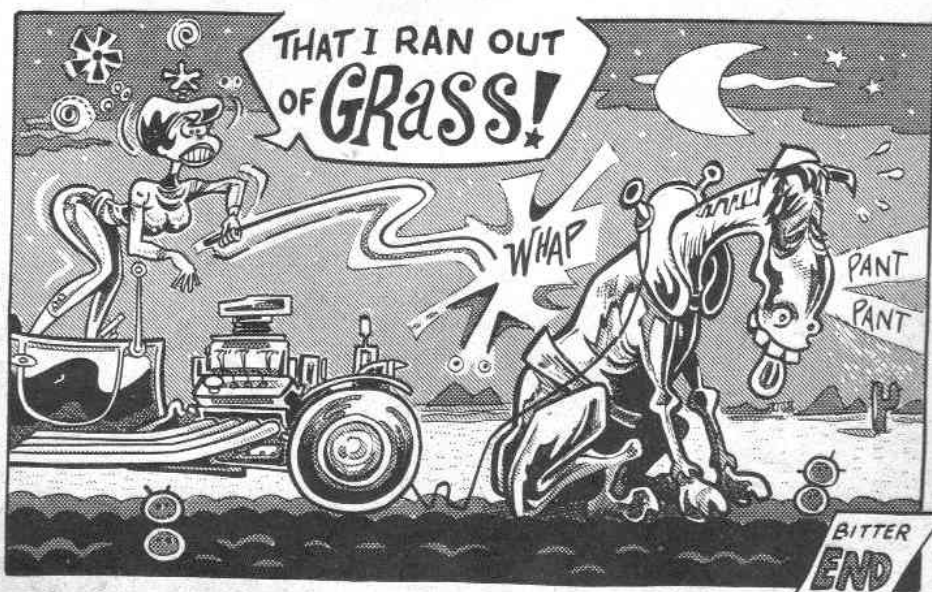
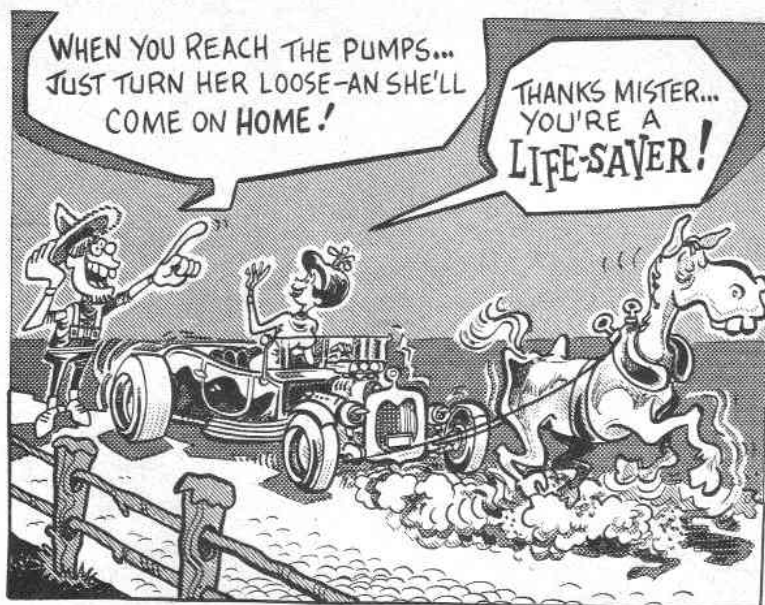
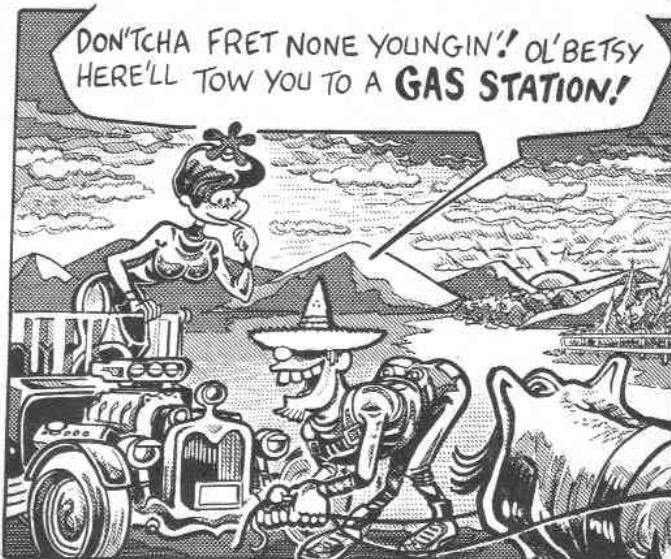
I SEE A BRIGHT FUTURE, FERNSMITH!

...HOWEVER!

STOP FRIVOLITY!
OUR COUNTRY IS MORALLY BANKRUPT, AND ALL YOU CAN DO IS HAVE FUN!
TOO MUCH FUN, NOT ENOUGH PRUDENCE!
OLD LADIES AGAINST FUN, MONEY, FRIVOLITY!
RACING IS A WASTE OF VALUABLE TIME!
DOWN WITH FRIVOLITY!
AMERICA IS IN DANGER!
RACING IS THE CAUSE OF SMOG!

ETHEL HORSEPOWER

BY BOB JAMES

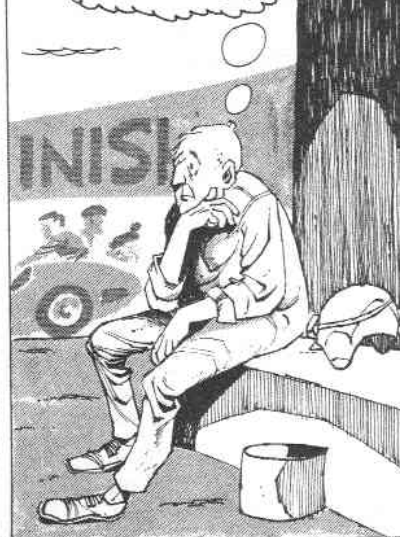


THE BLUNDERFUL WORLD OF WORDS

by: *William*

WHO IS IN REALITY, A MILD MANNERED REPORTER, WORKING FOR A GREAT METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER~

WHERE DID I GO WRONG?
THIS SEASON HAS BEEN
MY WORST!



IF I DON'T SHAPE UP SOON~
IT'S GONNA BE RETIREMENTS
VILLE FOR OL' DAD!



GRETCHEN, CUBA BULL AT HOME - ALL IS FORGIVEN.

GOTTA TRY AN' RELAX,
CONCENTRATE! I'VE GOT
TO TRY AN' WIN THIS BABY!



I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS! MUST BE A
STREAK OF BAD LUCK!~ BUT I'LL OVERCOME
IT, I'LL...

IT'S YER OWN
FAULT, BLURFERD!

WHO SAID THAT?!

THE C..CAR?!

ME, TH' CAR!

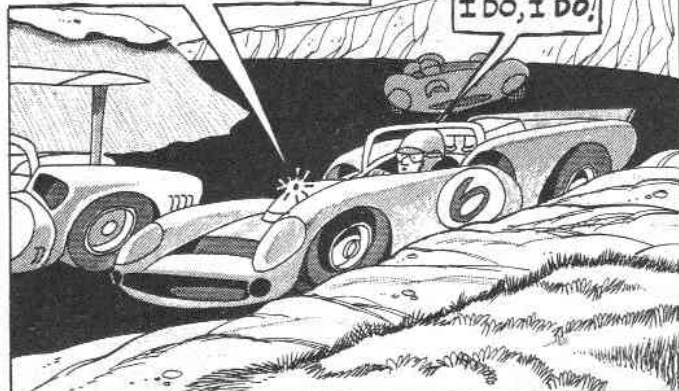


YEAH, CARS TALK BABY!

SURE, ONLY WHEN WE
FEEL THAT THE DRIVER HAS
A PROBLEM!~ AN BABES
YOU GOT A PROBLEM!

THEY
D..DO?!

I..I DO?
~OH~
I DO, I DO!



YER PROB. IS THAT YOU OVER EXTENT YER
MACHINE AND YERSELF!~ NOW JUST HANG
LOOSE AN' LET OL' SANDRA GUIDE YOU!

SANDRA?

S'MY NAME, STUPID!

GOSH A GIRL!

NOW I'M GONNA RE-
FRESH YER FEEBLE
MEMORY!



YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU HAD TH' SEBRING BIT IN TH' BAG MAN YER CAR BROKE!

BAH HUMBBUG!

YOU COULDA WON THAT GIG ~ BUT YOU PUSHED TOO HARD!

NOW EASE UP, SAVE MY R.P.M.'S 'TIL LATER, WHEN YOU'LL REALLY NEED 'EM!

Y'S MAM!

HANK HINTON IS A DODG-OUT FROM LIFE! D.E. WITH LOVE

AN' YOU REMEMBER MONACO WHEN YOU WENT INTO TH' DRINK ~ YOU GOT EXCITED AN' LOST YER COOL!

SPLASH!

HI, LLOYD!

NOW I KNOW YOU GOT YER PIT STOPS PLANNED OUT, BUT STOP THIS LAP, MY BRAKES ARE ALMOST GONE!

HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU, SAN!

COOL IT, I HATE EMOTIONALISM!

HEY SAN! ONLY THREE LAPS LEFT, ~ I'M GONNA WIN IT! I'M GONNA MAKE IT!

THAT'S RIGHT SONNY BOY, ~ NOW TAKE THIS BANKED TURN HIGH AN' BARREL RIGHT UP TH' STRAIGHT! **GO!**

RRRRRR

SCARBY FLEEZ GRAB A LETTER ON THIS STORY!

AND OF COURSE!

OH, SAN BABY! I'VE DONE IT! I'LL NEVER FERGIT YOU AN' HOW YOU HELPED ME!

S'ALL RIGHT! NOW COMPOSE YER SELF, THERES A BIG CROWD AT TH' WINNER'S CIRCLE!

LADIES AN' GENTLEMEN! A DARK HORSE ENTRY HAS JUST TAKEN TH' CHECKERED FLAG!

GREAT RACE BURFERD! HOW DID YOU DO IT?

SANDRA?

OH MY CAR, SANDRA SHE GUIDED ME ALL TH' WAY, I OWE IT ALL TO HER!

YES, SHE TALKS TO ME!

I GUESS THE PRESSURE WAS TOO MUCH!

IT'S SAD!

COOL IT BURFERD!

READ AND RE-READ 'SURFERD'!

NOW WHERE DID I GO WRONG?!

END

Well . . . you got **TRACTION**
if nuthin' else, man!



GROOVY MOOVY

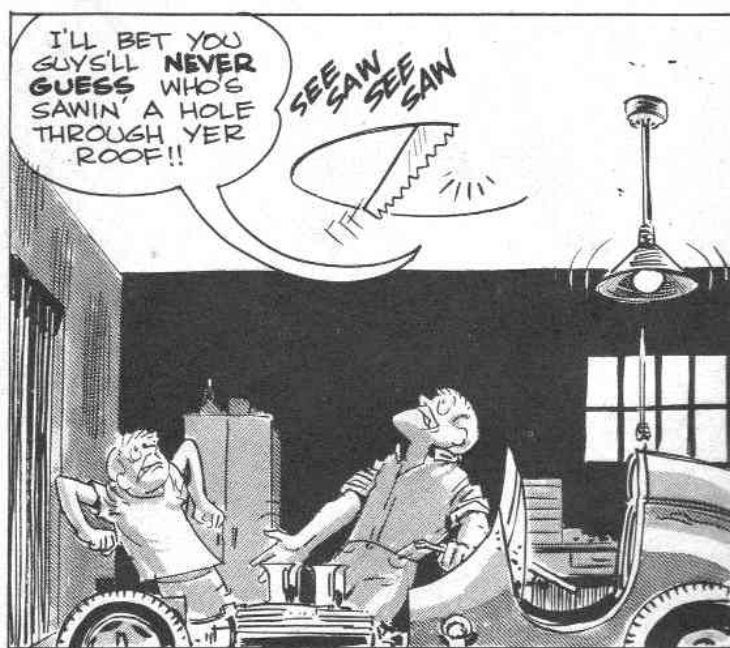
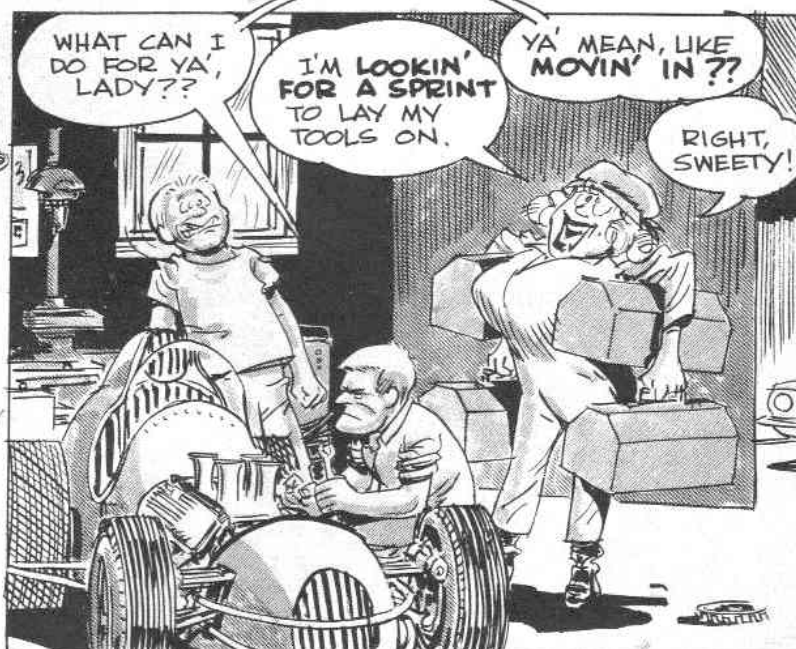
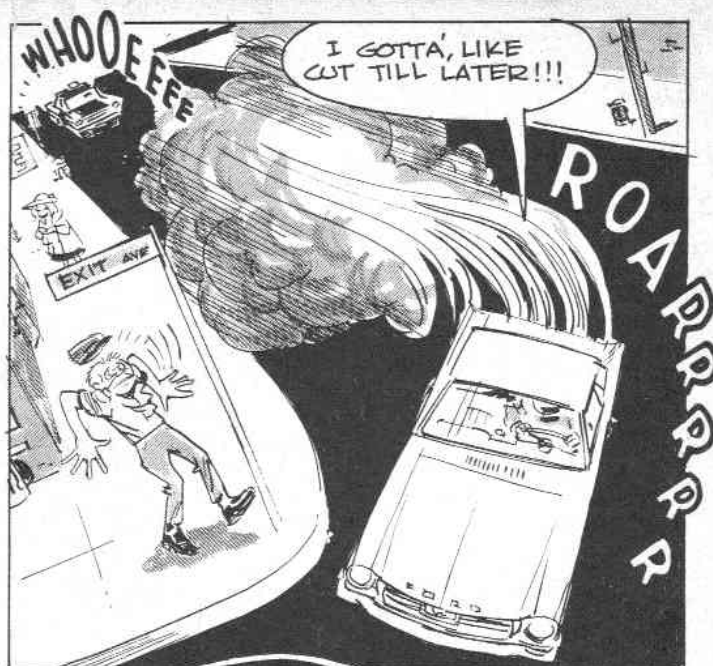
Look, if she don't **WANNA**
learn how to drive —
why **PUSH** it?

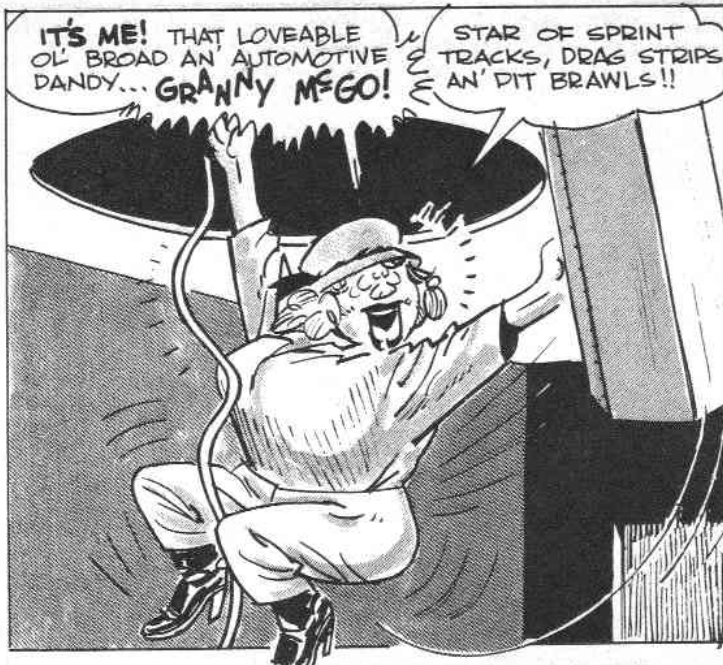


MARY WORTHLESS

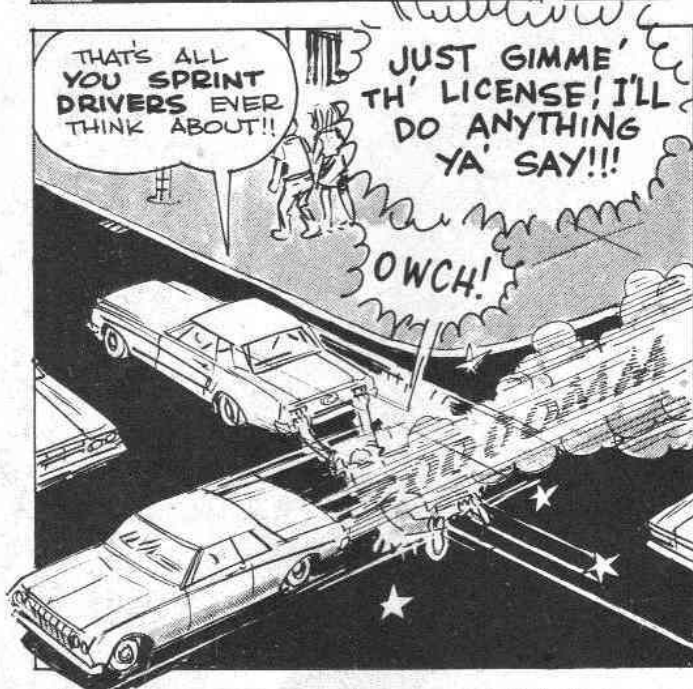
AND THE SPRINT CAR GIG

AS OUR STORY BEGINS, WE FIND MARY WORTHLESS UNEMPLOYED AN' LOOKING FOR WORK....HER LAST JOB, DEALING IN USED HUB CAPS WAS UNEXPECTEDLY WIPED OUT WHEN THE FUZZ MADE TH' SCENE.





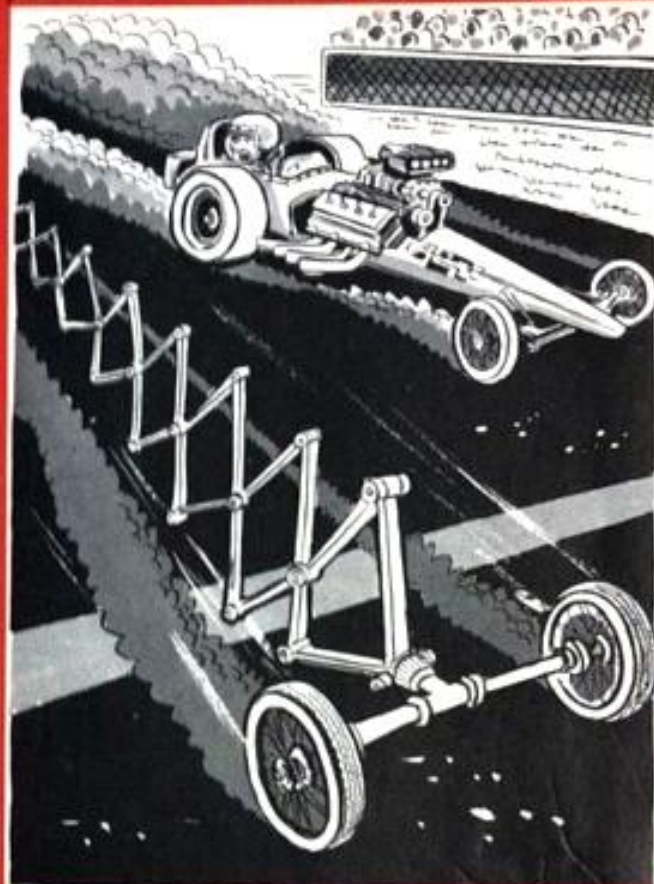




(I like jes' scribble it the way it is, babes) MUELLER, a moody & broody cartoony



"I know it's called a Bug-catcher but..."



Glasses.



"The reason it ain't gonna kick-over is because you're yanking at my suspenders, man!"



"Wassa matter — ain'tcha never seen a full-blown mill before?"

who somehow always sees life through cool-colored